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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
OF ENTERTAINMENT AND EROS

NOVEMBER 1980
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INTERVIEW:
TONY CURTIS

FASHION:
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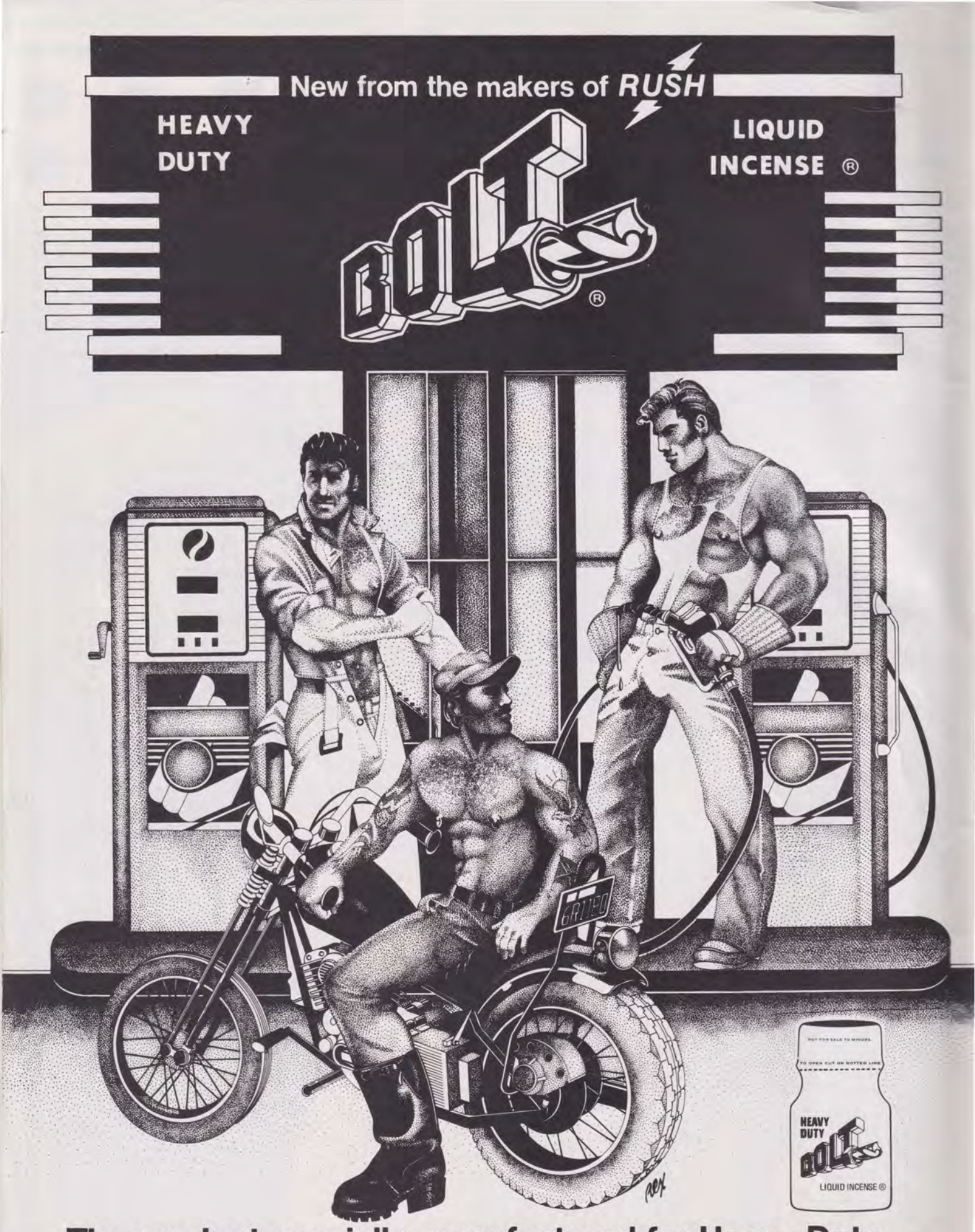

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MANDATE

COVER

Big, bold, brawny. If you think he's all man you're absolutely right. This hunky hulk comes from Fox Studios.

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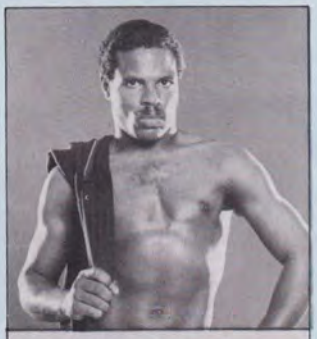

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LOS ANGELES

MAN DATA

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

$1,000 INCH

The April issue of *High Society* has still got folks talking about their pictorial on a black superstud named Chocolate Thunder who unveiled no less than 19¼" of ebony endowment. Making the safe bet that no one can let more hang out than that, the editors of *HS* offered $1000/inch for every full inch over that length to anyone who can beat the meat of Chocolate Thunder. They also awarded $100/inch for every inch over 12" to the first three guys to submit photos of their over foot-long ding-dongs. They were measured, of course, on *HS*'s official "Pecker Checker." We assume the BIG winners will let it all hang out and about in a future issue, maybe requiring *HS* to include an eight-page fold-out centerfold.

GOODBYE, FIDEL

Among the hordes of Cuban refugees who poured into Key West aboard the Freedom Flotilla were about 17,000 gays, according to some estimates. The Castro regime was anxious to "unload" them into the first boats leaving, since homosexuality in Cuba is not only "criminal" but also "dangerous."

Castro's loss may turn out to be our gain, and efforts were quickly undertaken to re-settle gay Cuban refugees across the country, all of which is good news for Key West residents, who thought for a while they'd have to bear the brunt of the influx. Life in Key West is back to normal.

BLUE MOVIE

The Blue Lagoon is that rare movie that doesn't seem to be targeted at any particular audience. Our review of the film (September 1980) called it "a fascinating experiment in commercial movie-making, targeted at...?" In an attempt to market itself *somewhere*, Columbia Pictures placed ads in *Reader's Digest* showing a photograph of the children as pre-adolescents with the headline "It takes a special parent to give a child this special and beautiful experience." The flowery copy describes *Lagoon* as a "sensitive film as natural as parental love" with "a hundred moments that will open your child's eyes to how natural love, left to develop in a world of innocence, can be." Those who fancy the Tadzios and Lolitas of this world may have themselves a field day, but what *is* the market for this sort of gorgeous drivel. Meanwhile, Columbia Pictures' pr department has been playing odd games with gay magazines, taking a full page ad in *Gotham*, a New York-based openly gay newspaper, yet refusing to send *Mandate* any photos other than a head shot of Christopher Atkins. Someday we'll do an article on hype and hypocrisy....

SHORT TAKES

It had to happen. First there were wet T-shirt contests, with the ladies flaunting their bazooms. Now we have something to reveal the gentlemen, called wet Jockey shorts contests. The scene: the Playboy Mansion West. The cast: such celebrities as John Philip Law, Michael Callan and James Caan. We don't know *who* came in first but, in wet Jockey shorts, we bet they're all winners...

Ex-Beatle Ringo Starr's latest film, *Caveman*, has some interesting revelations about the learning process of pre-historic man. In this campy comedy, between club fights, cavemen make such monumental discoveries as fried eggs, cooked meat and gay sex ....Speaking of gay, the television comedy *It Just So Happens* created waves at NBC because of its sexual twist on the *Odd Couple* theme. This prospective series presented the interfamily relationships between a very straight, recently divorced male in his late 20s and his younger gay brother, and NBC's Fred Silverman will likely shake up that network with this controversial subject, just as he did with *Soap* when he was at ABC.

GAY PRIDE, GAY ART: *Not all gay art is concerned solely with men's sexuality; artists often use political situations as a basis for their work. Steven J. Berstein, a young, Long Island-based artist, is one of those who believes that his talent should be used to show the variety inherent in gay life. The silkscreen at left commemorates the first annual gay march on Washington, D.C. and is a colorful example of the harmony that can be achieved between politics and art. It's also a fitting tribute to this year's October march.*

IN THIS ISSUE: Mandate *goes the gamut, from the locker room and ring where a young boxer, above, trains, to fashions in basic black. In an interview conducted on the set of* The Mirror Crack'd *in London, Elizabeth Taylor candidly talks about her career, and Stratford, Ontario's theatre festival is reviewed. Enjoy.*

COSCO

Canada's Stratford
MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING

By John Devere • Photographs by Zoe Dominic and Robert C. Ragsdale

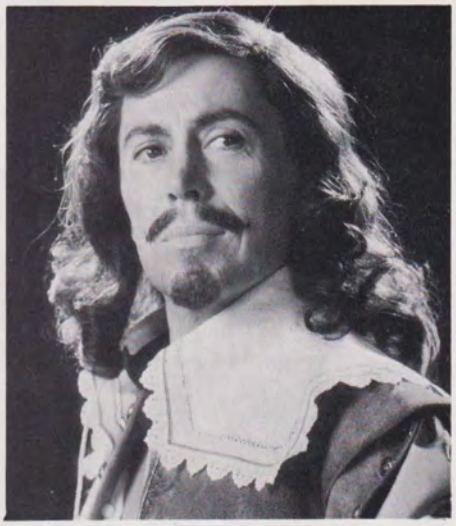
Gielgud, Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson: The names have an unmistakeable reverberation still, yet it's time to realize that that particular Shakespearean acting heydey is over and that, oddly enough, those Golden Age actors have not been replaced by a new generation who dominate as Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello in Shakespeare's serious plays.

Yet there is today a Golden Age of comedy, and two stars definitely dominate the pantheon: The best Shakespearean acting today is by Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford, and there's ample proof of it this season at Stratford, Ontario, where, as those wasp-tongued, rapier-witted sexual antagonists Beatrice and Benedick, Smith and Bedford turn *Much Ado About Nothing* into much ado about something indeed.

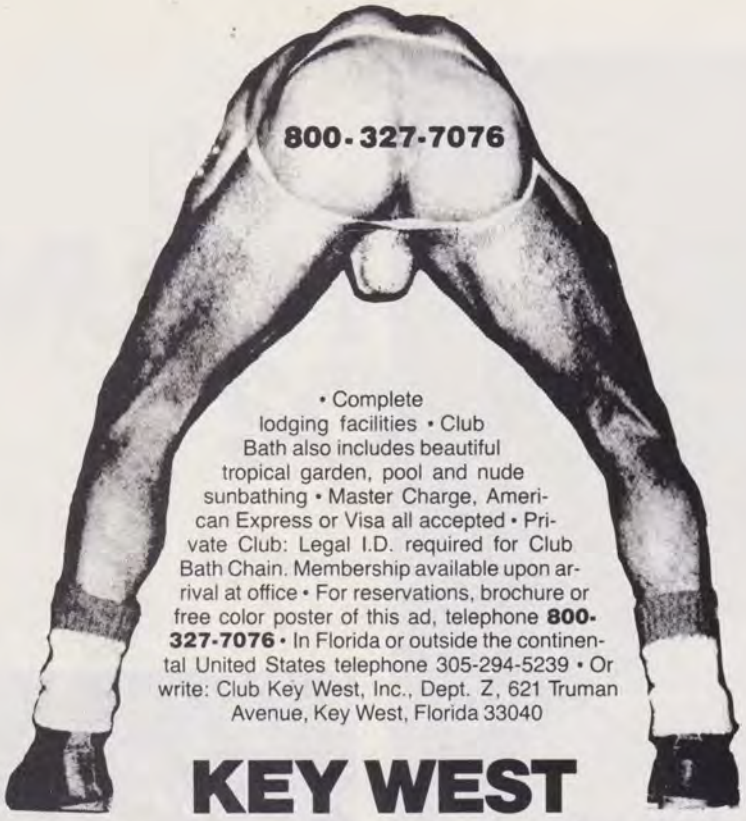
Stratford produces Shakespeare not in order to maintain a museum of waxworks Hamlets and Rosalinds, but to breathe lusty life into classics that are too often embalmed, not revivified. As Beatrice, sparring with Benedick, Maggie Smith uses every acting device in her award-winning arsenal, everything from vocal pyrotechnics to body mannerisms to impeccalbe comic timing. Utilizing all that, she creates a character of great psychological complexity whose kicky bravado masks endearing vulnerability. Her verbal thrusts and parries are pure defense mechanisms, aimed precisely at the man to whom she is most attracted. And that *is* the essence of Beatrice.

Brian Bedford is no less masterful in creating a nuanced Benedick and, as Malvolio in Stratford's *Twelfth Night*, he accomplishes still another definitive interpretation, simultaneously suggesting Malvolio's priggish self-importance, his desire to please fawningly, the undercurrent of lust behind that prissy exterior. Here, too, an actor's entire arsenal is mustered to create a subtly shaded character, funny at first glance, but layered with subtly shaded shells that peel back, giving tantalizing glimpses of odd neuroses.

Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford join the ranks of Olivier and Gielgud as today's foremost Shakespearean actors.



At Stratford, Ontario, internationally known actors of the calibre of Maggie Smith, top left, and Brian Bedford, above, join Stratford's regular repertory company (at left are Stephen Russell, Nicholas Pennell and Jim McQueen) in Much Ado About Nothing, *directed by Robin Phillips. One of Stratford's extraordinarily gifted young repertory regulars is, opposite page, Richard McMillan, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek in this season's* Twelfth Night.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KEY WEST
CLUB BATHS & LODGE
CLUB LODGE & BATH

Much of Stratford's success is due of course to the sustained starshine of Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford, but its continued success should be credited to artistic director Robin Phillips, who directed both *Much Ado* and *Twelfth Night* this season. Phillips has an unerring ability to flesh out a text's every nuance, and this combines with the exception work of a behind-the-scenes staff (especially designer Daphne Dare) to create season after season of exciting drama. In fact, Stratford's consistently high level of production could—and should—serve as a blueprint for successful repertory.

Phillips is creating, through Stratford's repertory system, actors schooled in realizing a text's subtleties, in explicating texts instead of rushing over the obscure lines toward the readily accessible punchlines. At Stratford one is amazedly aware that audiences are genuinely responding even to Shakespeare's most obscure jokes and puns, only because both the directing and acting are so painstakingly perfect. Joseph Papp, director of New York's recently risible New York Shakespeare Festival, could learn some lessons from Stratford.

A perfect example of a young actor increasing in effectiveness is Richard McMillan, whose work at Stratford I've watched for three seasons. This year he's Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night*, and a more bodily *and* psychologically angular Aguecheek you'll never see. Though very young, McMillan has a comic physiognomy coupled with exquisite timing; training at Stratford has polished him to produce a major Shakespeare performer at a very young age. You will one day see *him* as Malvolio, as Jacques.

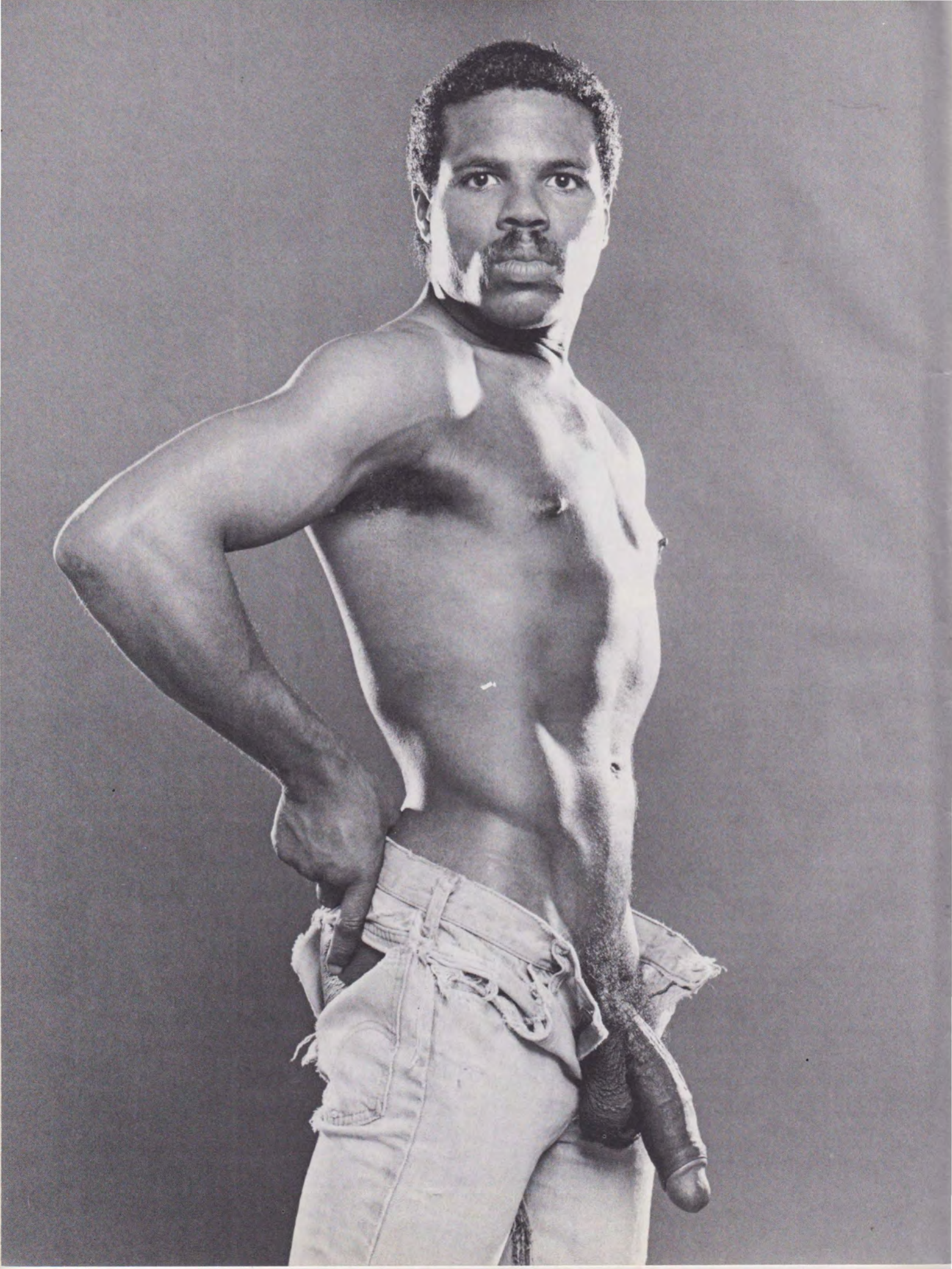
If already accomplished performers of the calibre of Maggie Smith, Brian Bedford and Kate Reid return, year after year, to Stratford, it's because the obviously creative climate in Ontario offers extraordinary opportunities not readily available elsewhere. At Stratford Smith has done Rosalind, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth and Titania; Bedford has done Richard III and Jacques, and has directed the blood-chilling *Titus Andronicus,* revived this season. Creative challenge keeps both them *and* their audiences coming back.

Stratford isn't the Shakespeare waxworks company; it's living, breathing theatre at its best. The only injustice is that Shakespeare himself isn't around to see this definitive Beatrice, this definitive Malvolio. He'd revel in their brilliance; it matches his own.

Mahogany

Delineated pectorals, muscled calves, and those athlete-etched lines curving down to the groin that you usually find only on ancient Greek sculptures—this one's got it all, topped by a slightly tentative expression on his face that suggests all things are possible.

Photographs by Len Tavares

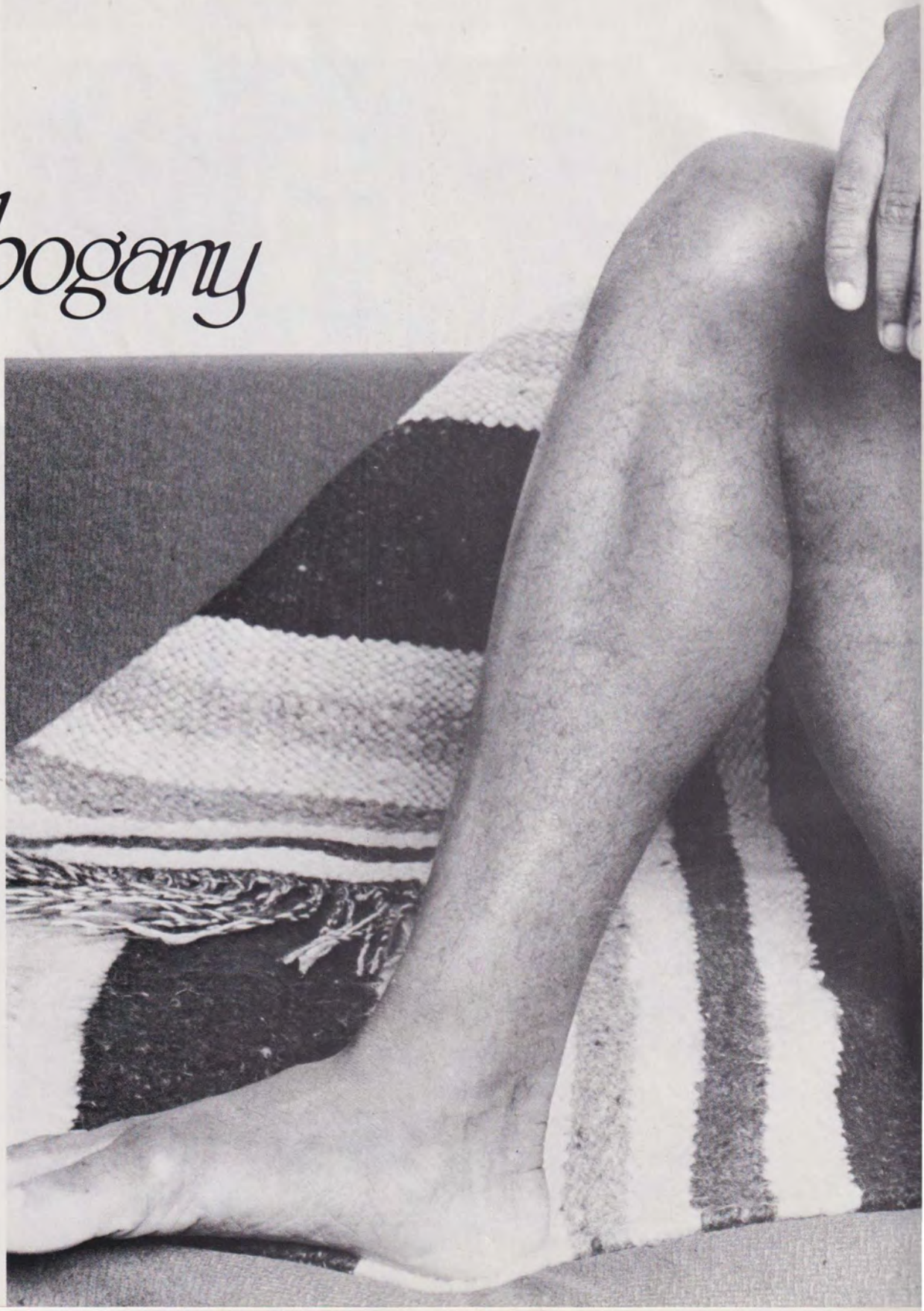


Mahogany

When the tattered levis bite the dust, other pleasurable treasures join this statuesque model's pleasure chest. Turn the page. He's waiting...

Photographs by Len Tavares

Mahogany



He's relaxed, but he's not laid back. There's an on-edge daring in his eyes, ready for anything. Ready for everything. Go to it.

Photograph by Len Tavares

THE REAL TONY CURTIS

By George Haddad-Garcia

He hit Hollywood in 1948 and became known around town for his smashing good looks. The boy once known as Bernie Schwarz of Brooklyn happened to be one of the handsomest starlets ever. For a while, he looked for work and roomed with buddies like young Marlon Brando. The parts weren't long in coming, and Tony Curtis became a national heartthrob to both males and females in short order. The movies were forgettable, the roles weren't particularly demanding. "He was a decoration," recalls an associate. "They put him in costume dramas and Arabian Nights tales where you hardly noticed that awful accent because he was so goddamned beautiful."

Curtis became known for saying the line "Yondah lies da castle of my faddah," a line he disclaims ever having uttered. In the 50's, he married America's sweetheart, Janet Leigh, and appeared in the landmark film about race relations, *The Defiant Ones*, with Sidney Poitier. Then came *Some Like It Hot*, his high point in terms of popularity. He divorced Leigh, married German import Christine Kaufman, then divorced her and married a former model, his current wife Leslie.

In the 60's, he got stuck with his image and didn't overcome it until he made *The Bostone Strangler*, which he had to persuade the studio to let him do. In films like *Lepke* (about a Jewish gangster) and Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*, he proved he could act. The 70's, however, also were a time in which he worked non-stop but produced few critical or box office hits, the low point being projects like *The Manitou* and *The Bad News Bears Go to Japan*. Today Curtis is still making movies, but he is also into his third TV series, *Vega$*, starring Bob Urich. Previously, he struck out in *The Persuaders* (with Roger Moore) and *McCoy*.

Today, he has another career: novelist. His first novel, *Kid Andrew Cody & Julie Sparrow* (Julie is short for Julius), was a hit, though critically disparaged and reeking with cocksucking and other sex scenes. His next book, due in 1980, is about starlets who arrive in Hollywood in 1948. Of the early years, he recalls:

"I thought that being a movie star would solve all my problems, that I'd really like myself and know people who liked me, too. It wasn't that simple. When you get up there, there are more pressures and threats than you could imagine. They try to use every

"Trying new things is terrific, and whether the so-called critics like what I do is irrelevant. Just the doing of these things is what counts. I still have a lot ahead of me. Like the man said, 'You ain't seen nothin' yet!'"

little thing against you and they regard you as a piece of meat to be bought and sold. I'm not generally negative but there have been bad memories and bad experiences. Not all the performers I've worked with have been good friends or even good performers.

"There's a lot of childishness and backstabbing in this business, and when I see a spade, I call it. Those people I've alienated I wouldn't care to have as friends or allies anyway. Besides, I've been bad-mouthed for no reason, so it's not one-sided. Over the years I've learned to protect myself."

The feuds of Tony Curtis are legendary. The most celebrated was with Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot*. Reportedly, he was turned off by her tardiness and self-absorption, so he gave her the coolest of shoulders. Then there was Gina Lollobrigida, playing the title role in *Lady L*. The fireworks were such that la Lollo was eventually replaced by Sophia Loren. Then there were the rumors of dissension between Curtis and Roger Moore, in the English-made *The Persuaders*, even though on-screen they were wont to link arms while walking into dangerous traps.

Another loud feud was with gossip columnist Joyce Haber, who later au-

THE REAL TONY CURTIS

"I thought that being a movie star would solve all my problems, that I'd really like myself and know people who liked me, too. It wasn't that simple. When you get up there, there are more pressures and threats than you could imagine."

thored *The Users*, which featured a bisexual actor as one of the main characters. Curtis, ironically, wound up playing this part in the TV adaptation, which starred angelic Jaclyn Smith (*Charlie's Angels*) as a former hooker. Curtis also has nothing nice to say about his two ex-wives.

Tony won't go into these feuds, nor into his relationship with his brothers. One of them, Julius, was killed in a traffic accident, and the other is reportedly in an institution. At one point in his life, it looked as though Bernie himself would never have a normal life, for after joining the Navy in the 40's, there was an accident involving a torpedo. It left him in a hospital with his legs paralyzed; he was told he'd never walk again, but time and determination destroyed that dismal prediction.

Tony's looks were both a help and a hindrance. As a youth, the 54-year-old stood out from the crowd of actor-hopefuls and got quick employment and leading parts opposite well known actresses. Over the long run, however, his looks typed Tony as a Peter Pan sort of actor, confined him to comedy and romance. Unlike friend and co-star Jack Lemmon, he didn't quite make the transition to dramatic actor.

Naturally, his writing is very important to him, and he hopes to write regularly in the future. He explains, "For my own pleasure and that of my friends, I wrote a thing called Anthony's Almana, a long time ago. It was sort of a fanbook about myself, with jokes and anecdotes. It was 18 pages, mimeographed, but it wasn't really writing. I'm in a profession that tells stories, so I was learning to tell stories myself.

"I first wrote *Julie Sparrow*, and then I met *Kid Andrew Cody* and ended up with two books. So I shuffled them together, like cards, and they didn't fit, so I gave them the same father and fit in the prologue." The book was panned by such as Playboy Press, which stated that if a gorilla sat down at a typewriter, it could turn out a better novel. Curtis reveals that Playboy had turned down the publication of his novel and later regretted it, when it began selling "like pancakes."

A movie will be made from the book, but Tony modestly admits he is too young to star in any of the parts except perhaps Saul Solomon, the movie tycoon. Though he looks younger than his age, he claims never to have indulged in plastic surgery. He resents gossip that he's had a face-lift and is, in fact, very protective about others' comments about him. "Other people have *no* idea what it is to be me," he insists, "and I have no idea what it is to be them."

For this reason, he has actively opposed any attempts at biographies of him, and he won't write a tell-all autobio, he says. "No names, please, as they say. I could tell some shocking, incredible things that I know and have seen; big names...But I won't. Someday I'd like to write about my early years, about my father, what I remember of my childhood. As for the star years, I'm so close I can't see the trees for the forest. Perhaps when I'm older and could reflect more. Life is living, not reflecting."

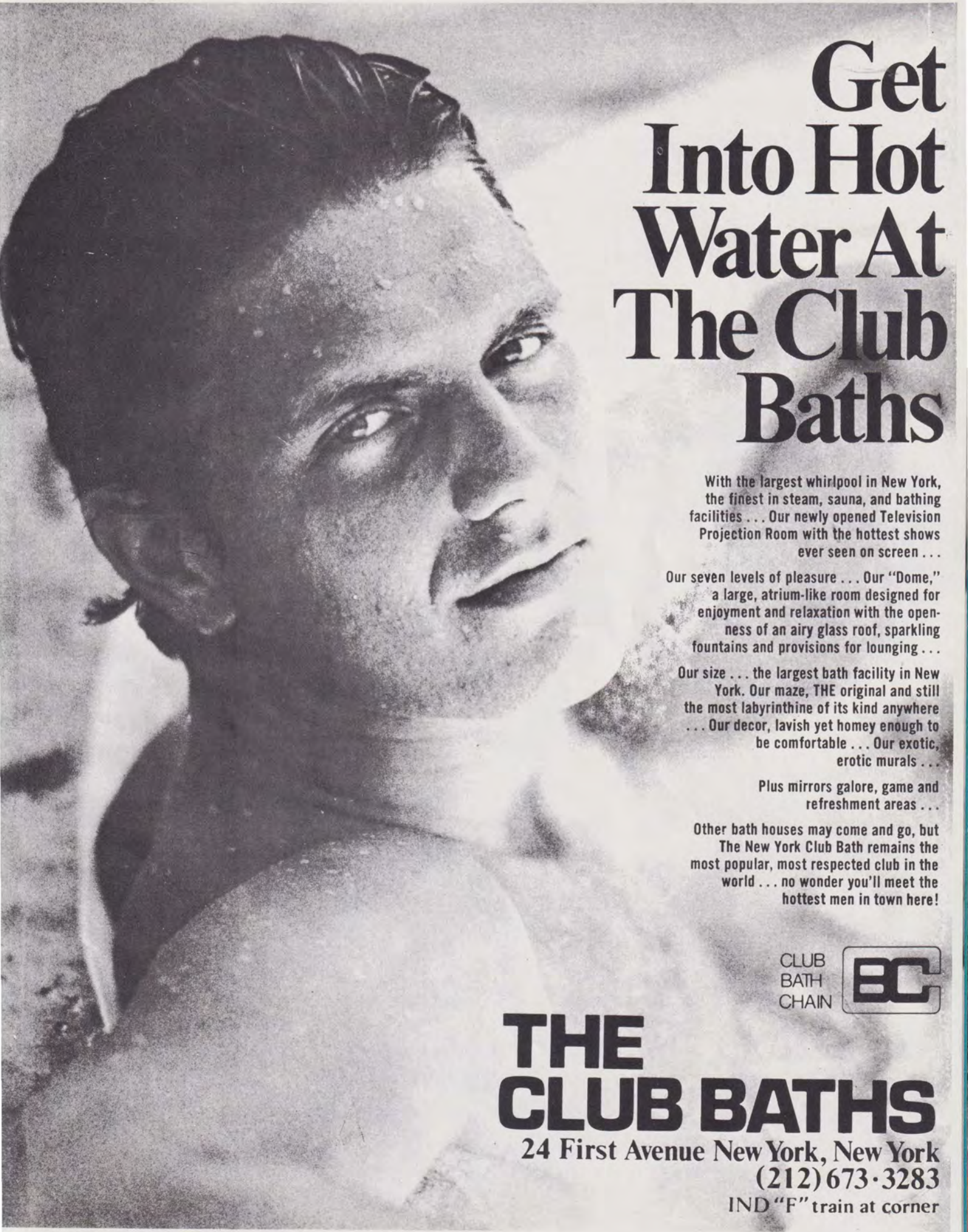
At present, Tony Curtis is undertaking a brand new medium, the theatre. Attempting to find a hit for himself, he starred in Neil Simon's latest play, *I Ought To Be in Pictures* in the Los Angeles production of the current Broadway hit. Tony played a long-divorced screenwriter past his prime who must contend with writer's block and a grown daughter he has never known. Joyce Van Patten co-starred, and Herbert Ross, a top Hollywood director, was at the helm. Dinah Manoff (Lee Grant's daughter, from *Grease* and *Soap*) played the daughter.

Tony's own children include actress daughter Jamie Lee Curtis, whose mother is Janet Leigh. Of his kids, he says feelingly, "People are too afraid of being tough and unpopular. But to tell the truth, of all the people I've met in my life in this business, these children of mine, these kids, are my best friends."

Although Bernie Schwartz never completed his basic education, Tony Curtis is an avid reader of books. He subscribes to a variety of magazines, including *National Geographic, Scientific American* and *Screw*—which he had to cancel because of the kids picking it up off the coffeetable in his many-acred estate in Beverly Hills. Tony's friend and agent Swifty Lazar, he relates, gave him a book about how to be a good writer before he began writing his novel. "I said, 'Thank you very much,' and then I looked at the first page and closed the book. Period."

He continues, "I don't profess to be a rough diamond or any of that bullshit. When someone told me the word anachronism, I had to look it up in the dictionary. I write every morning when I'm not overseas on location, like in Costa Rica or Israel or Japan.

Continued to page 32



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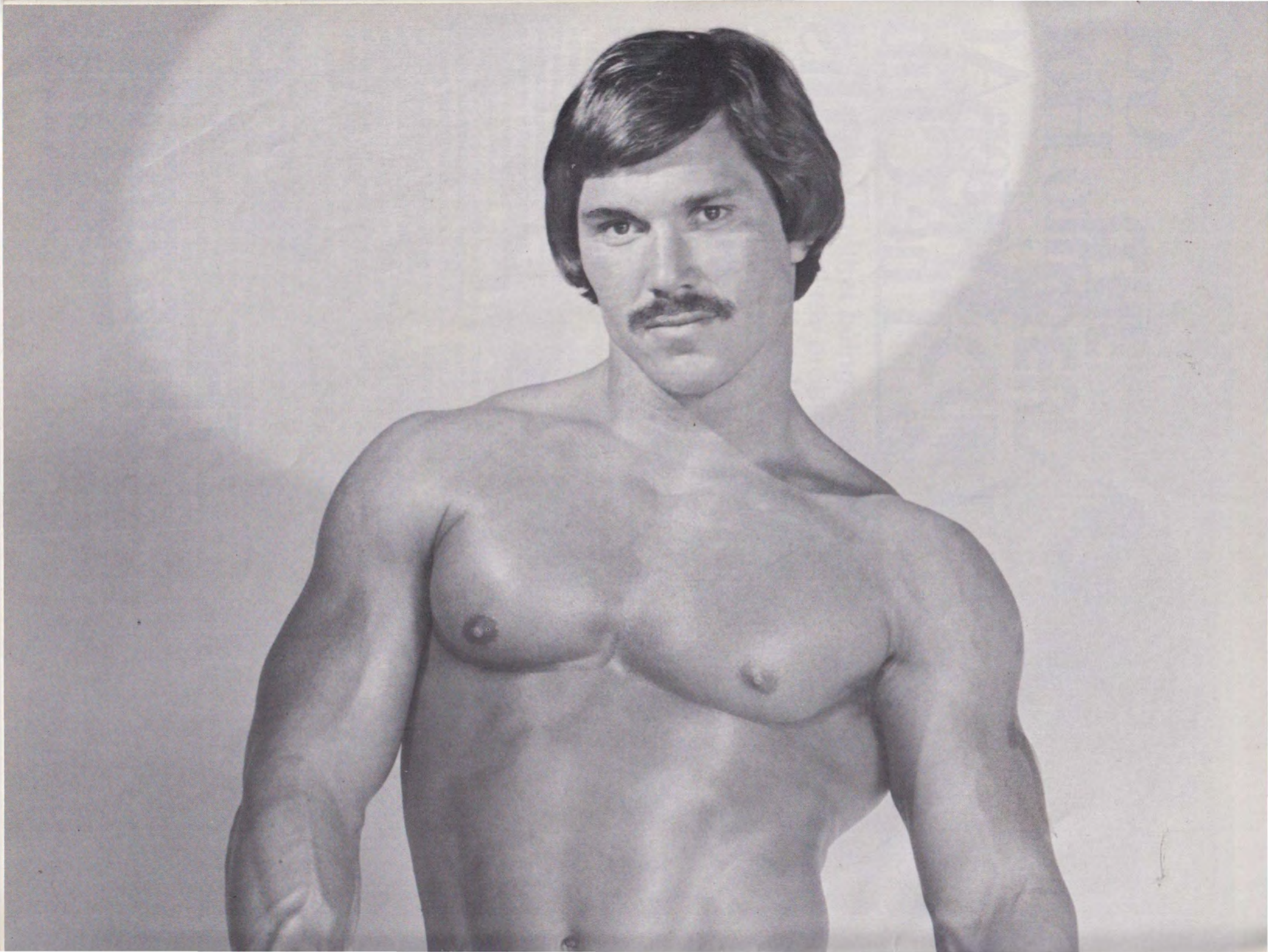

SEX TON

Sexton is the name, and a ton of sex is the game.
New from Colt is super-sizzler Corky Sexton,
whose beefy brawn has "sex" written all over it.
Nothing subtle about this bruiser.
He's 100%
man and it more than obviously shows.

Photograph by Colt

MANDATE/November 1980

SEXTON

Whether viewed from front, back, above or below, Corky's a corker for sure. A natural wonder that makes you want to get back to nature in a hurry. And there's plenty more where this comes from. Corky's available in sets of 8 black & white 5 x 7 prints and 35mm color slides, $6 each, and 6 color 5 x 7 prints, $9, from Colt Studio, Box 1608-J, Studio City, CA 91604. Corky is for the big boys as the following double-page spread proves, so please state you are over 21.

Photographs by Colt

MANDATE

The Man: Corky Sexton
The Photographer: Colt

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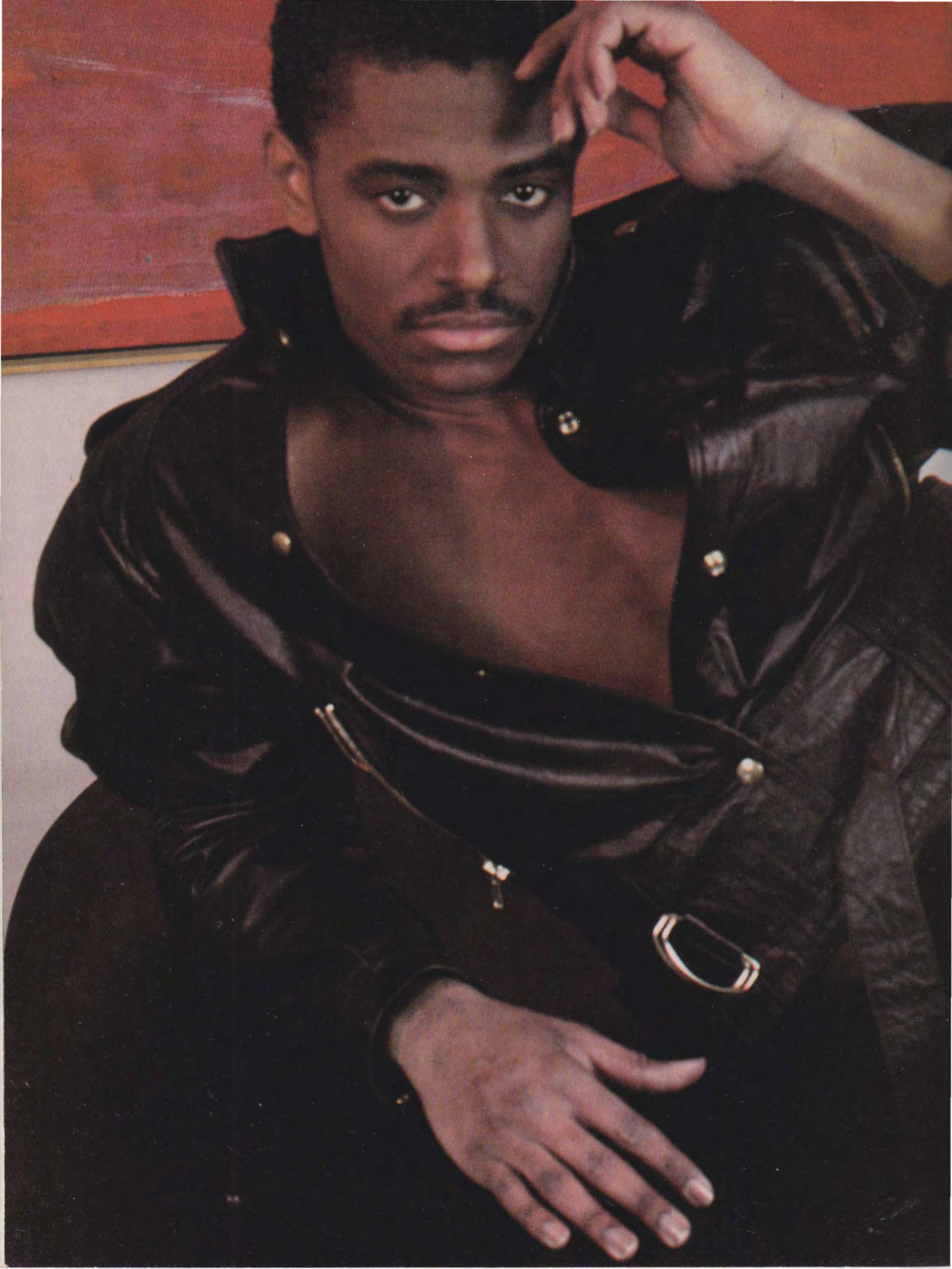
BASIC BLACK

THE NON-COLOR BLACK HAS MANY HISTORICAL LIAISONS SYMBOLIZING MANY THINGS, FROM THE UTMOST IN ELEGANCE TO DOWNRIGHT EVIL. A BLACK BACKLASH AGAINST HOLLYWOOD'S WHITE-HATTED GOOD GUYS ENABLED LASH LaRUE, THE CISCO KID AND ZORRO TO LEND RESPECTABILITY TO ALL BLACK OUTFITS. COUNT DRACULA DID LITTLE TO UPGRADE THAT IMAGE, BUT SUCH MODERN DAY CELEBRITIES AS DESIGNER HALSTON AND ACTOR YUL BRYNNER, WHO ALWAYS APPEAR MONOCHROMATICALLY IN BLACK, REMIND US THAT THERE ARE FEW LOOKS MORE SARTORIALLY SPLENDID. THE GENTLEMAN SEEN HERE IN THE BLACK TUXEDO UNDERSCORES THAT FACT. WHITE DINNER JACKETS MAY COME AND GO, PASTELS HAVE THEIR UPS AND DOWNS, BUT BLACK IS—AND ALWAYS WAS—HERE TO STAY. BLACK AND LEATHER HAVE ALWAYS GONE HAND-IN-HAND OR HAND-IN-GLOVE, WHETHER WORN BY THE HELL'S ANGELS, FOUND IN GAY LEATHER BARS OR IN PROGRESSIVE HAUTE COUTURE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOIS WADLER



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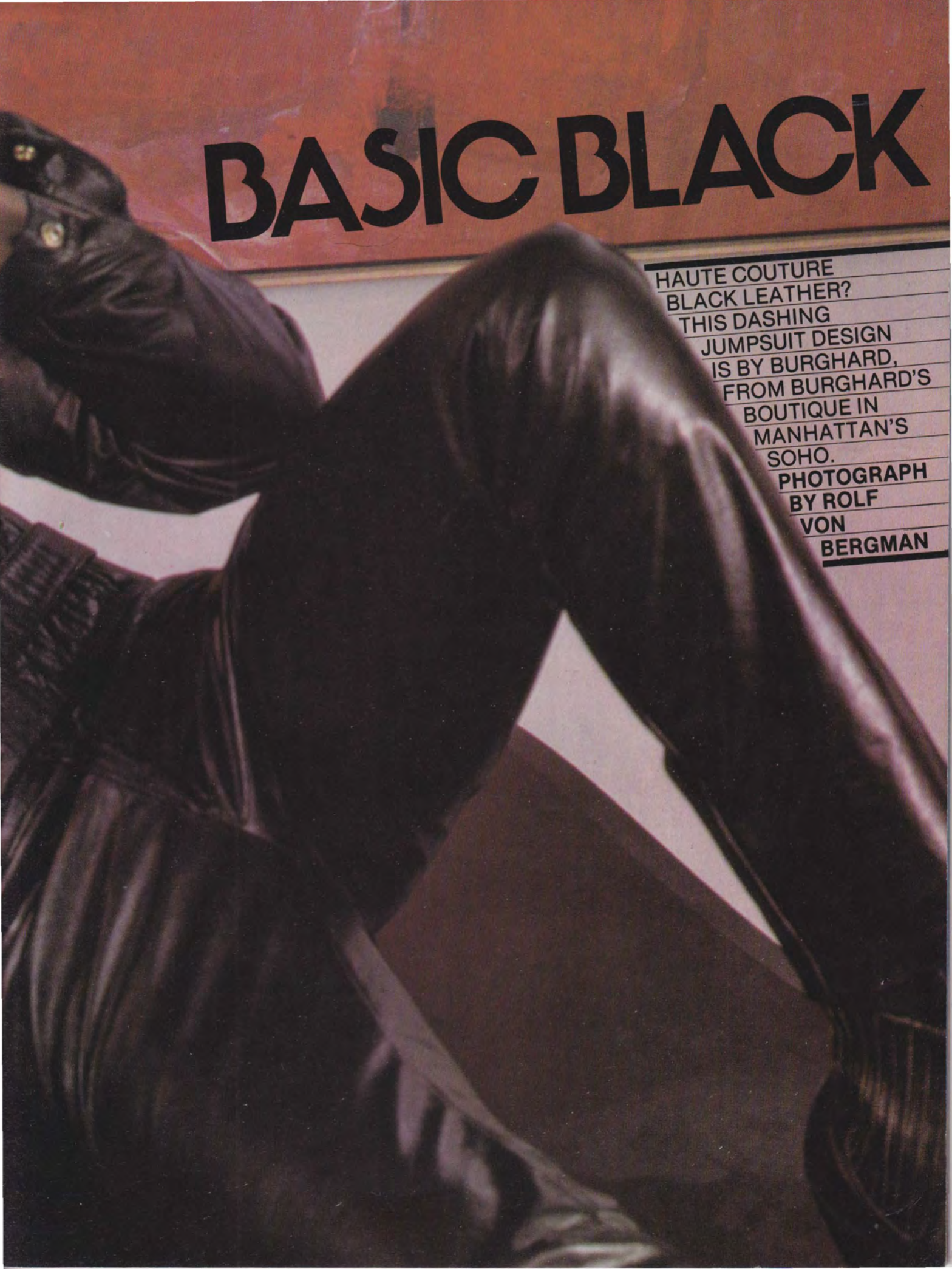
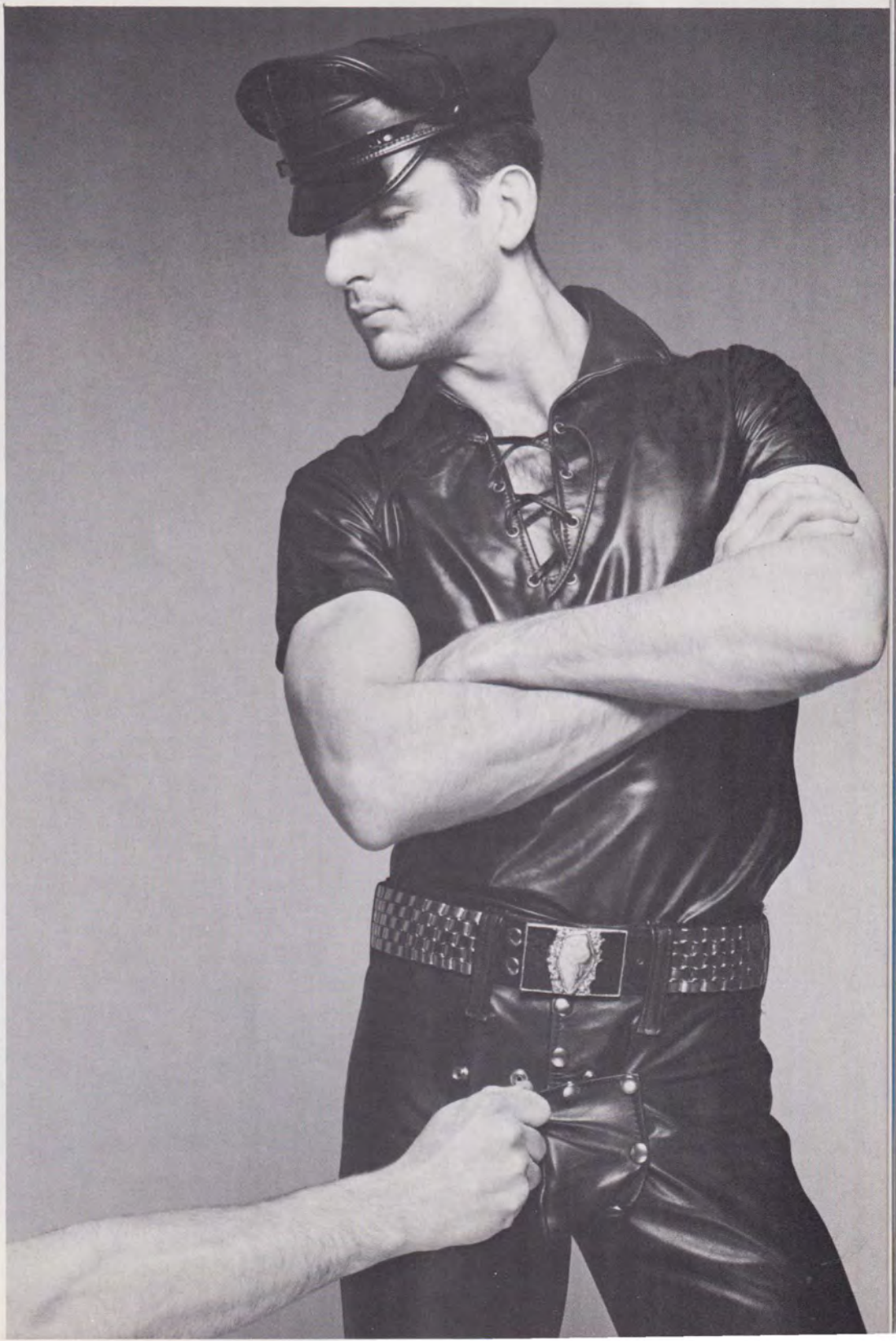


HAUTE COUTURE BLACK LEATHER? THIS DASHING JUMPSUIT DESIGN IS BY BURGHARD, FROM BURGHARD'S BOUTIQUE IN MANHATTAN'S SOHO. **PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLF VON BERGMAN**

BASIC BLACK

THE GOOD GUY IN THE BLACK HAT AT LEFT SPORTS A WESTERN INFLUENCED OUTFIT COMPLETE WITH BLACK LEATHER VEST, ALL FROM STEVE'S OF SOHO. AN ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT LOOK WITH JUST A HINT OF THINGS KICKY IS ANOTHER OF BASIC BLACK'S MANY FACES, RIGHT. FROM THE LEATHER MAN COMES HEAD-TO-TOE BLACK LEATHER, THAT LACE-UP PONDEROSA SHIRT BOTTOMED BY SNAP-FLY CODPIECE PANTS. THE STUDDED BELT DESIGNED BY JOHN PATRICK COLLINS HAS A BUCKLE BY CRAIG DURCAN. TOPPING IT ALL IS A MUIR CYCLE CAP. PUT IT ALL TOGETHER AND THE IMAGE COULD MAKE MARLON BRANDO IN 'THE WILD ONE' LOOK FEY.

PHOTOGRAPH LEFT BY ROLF VON BERGMAN: PHOTOGRAPH RIGHT BY ROY BLAKEY



BASIC BLACK

IF BASIC BLACK IS THE ULTIMATE IN ELEGANCE AND FUR IS ALSO THE ULTIMATE IN ELEGANCE, A COMBINATION OF THE TWO IS GUARANTEED TO STOP TRAFFIC. THE FUR IS MIDNIGHT BLACK RABBIT FROM MAINLAND CHINA. WEARING IT IS MANDATE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AND ART DIRECTOR JOHN DEVERE, WHO PREFERS MONOCHROMATIC BLACK YEAR-ROUND, WHETHER ATTENDING THE OSCARS IN BLACK YVES ST. LAURENT VELVET OR COVERING THE WATERFRONT IN BLACK LEATHER FROM THE MARQUIS DE SUEDE. BASIC BLACK IS HERE TO STAY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROY BLAKEY

THE REAL TONY CURTIS

Continued from page 16

I take my tape recorder into the garden and spend an hour or so. Then I turn it over to a secretary who gives me a polished version of it.

"In my opinion, Hemingway's and Fitzgerald's weaknesses were their own personal frustrations. They had a macho fixation. Their writing could have been a shade more delicate, a shade more truthful. Shakespeare had an incredible insight into human behavior and problems—what a psychologist he was! He never steps up like Gore Vidal and lets you know he's shaking it at you." To potential writers, he advises, "If there were 10 commandments of writing, the most important would be: Keep yourself out of the fucking way. You know, everyone is a genius, because personal expression is in itself genius. And everybody's got a story."

Confronted with accusations that he writes "dirty" books, Tony notes, "*Saturday Night Fever* was plastered with words like fuck, cocksucker, asshole, etc. To me they're just words. Names are more important than words. Nicknames stick to people, and everyone's gone through a period when they were called *kid*...."

Unlike some reclusive or anti-social stars, this one is a people-person. He makes movies not so much for the money as for the challenge, the excitement and the people he gets to meet. He typically makes two or three, sometimes four films a year, though they don't always receive a wide release in the U.S. One of his most recent was *Sextette*:

"All my life, I loved Mae West. Then I got the chance to be her leading man. Do you know how many leading men Mae West has had? Not many; we're a pretty exclusive club. So we did the movie, and she was something else, a great lady with a huge sense of humor and lots of energy." On the set, she was wired for sound, with a small transistor hidden inside her wig. Because of her advanced age and poor memory for lines, the director would feed her her lines. One day, in the middle of a scene, a police helicopter flew overhead and overwhelmed everyone with noise. La West put a hand on one ancient hip and began giving a traffic report, as though from a traffic helicopter.

Curtis has worked with dozens of leading ladies, from Mae to Zsa Zsa to Claudia Cardinale. He has also gotten every kind of publicity and rumor about his personal life. He has been called a bisexual, but denounced that a few years ago on Mike Douglas' talk show. His first novel, though, abounds with phallic references and cock-talk, for instance: "You gigolo, you cocksucker, you fucking gigolo. I'm going to teach you a lesson, you prick, you goddamn prick." And that's only two sentences.

TC also reveals that when he has watched blue movies, he has sometimes admired the female and male bodies so much that he felt like jumping into the picture itself. *Saturday Night Fever*'s language didn't faze him, and he finds John Travolta an outstanding star. But Curtis emphasizes that, after less than felicitous previous marriages, he is happy and content with Leslie, his first non-actress mate. In *Kid Andrew Cody*, he described his ideal woman: "There were hollows where her eyes lived, a European shade of blue, her nose soft and small, her lips full and rich, moist from life and ruby in color. Unruly hair, brown like the darkest nut, burst from her small, delicate head. She stood five and a half feet tall, a woman in a girl, full in hips, a slender waist, small back and breasts of alabaster glory."

Tony is likeable in person, surprisingly polite (despite a less than virginal reputation) although liberal with four-letter words after he becomes comfortable, friendly and modest. He admits that he is a star, not an actor like Alec Guinness who changes his persona with each role. His secret, he says, is constant motion while before

"Someday I'd like to write about my early years, about my father, what I remember of my childhood. As for the star years, I'm so close I can't see the forest for the trees. Perhaps when I'm older and could reflect more. Life is living, not reflecting."

the cameras. Over the years, he has mellowed, and he is full of praise for Bob Urich and recent co-stars like Jackie Smith.

He is, however, very impatient with criticism of his writing. He feels public acceptance of a book is comment enough. He has been called a male Erica Jong but doesn't plan to alter his language in his next books. After publishing *Star-Struck*, he hopes to do a book of poems—love poems—and write a TV mini-series, perhaps with a role for himself. He would also like to write paperback originals because he feels $10 is a lot to pay for a novel, and he wants to reach as many people as possible.

If he is well received on Broadway, Tony will try his hand at more plays, drama as well as comedy. At mid-life, he wants to choose his roles more carefully and make a name for himself in fields beside movies—i.e., TV, plays and literature. But even if he never becomes an "actor," Tony Curtis is a contented man and a popular one. His looks may have dimmed considerably since his heyday, but with maturity comes the possibility of a new image and a new confidence in his talent.

Thirty-two years, he points out, is a long time to be a working actor, one who can still work 365 days a year if he wishes to. "I'm cooking on all four burners," he enthuses boyishly. "Trying new things is terrific, and whether the so-called critics like what I do is irrelevant. Just the doing of these things is what counts. I still have a lot ahead of me. Like the man said, 'You ain't seen nothin' yet!'"

Curtis excelled in the comedy classic Some Like It Hot, *left. His next film is the Agatha Christie* The Mirror Crack'd *with Liz Taylor, Angela Lansbury and Rock Hudson.*

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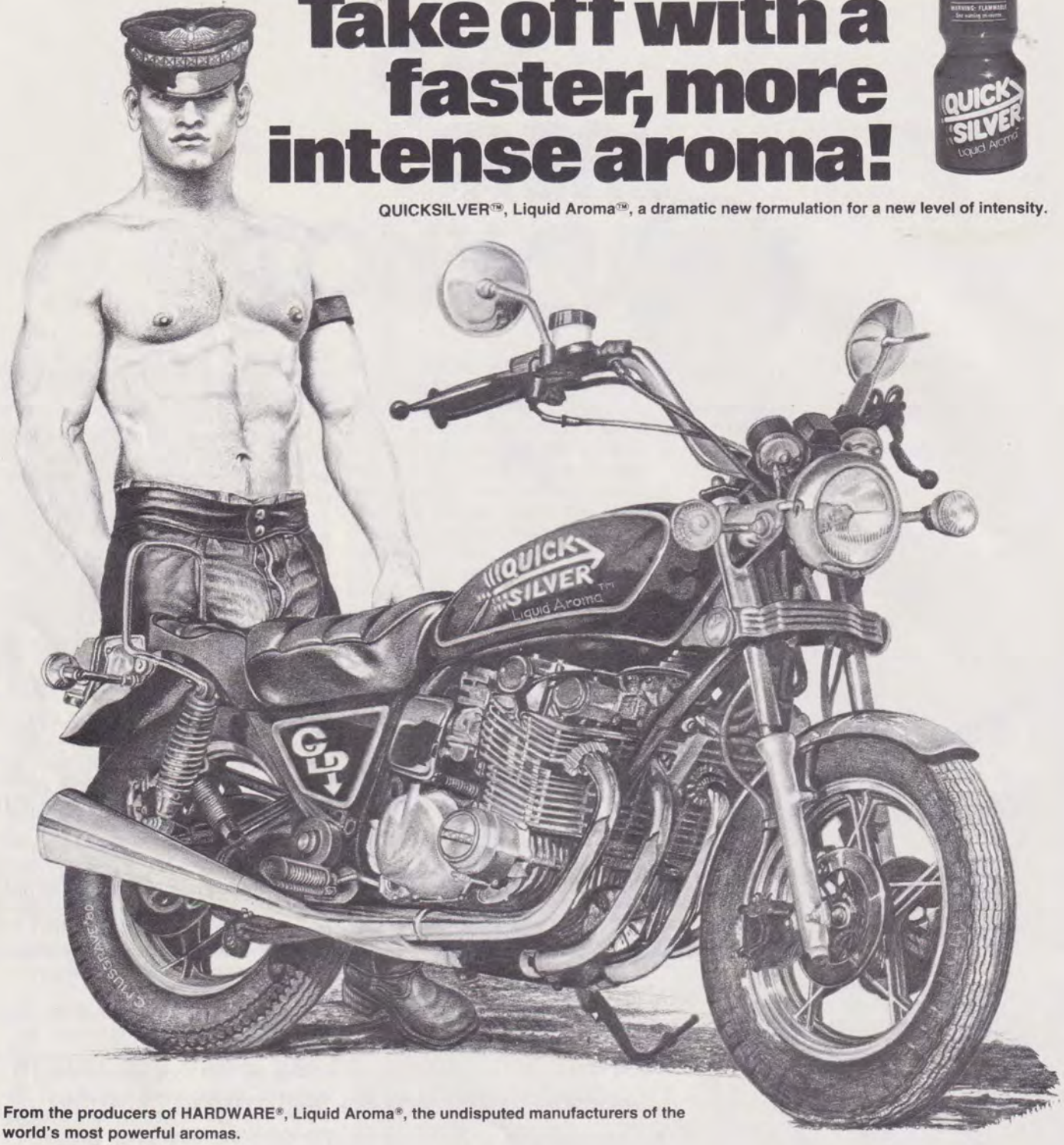

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DISC SCENE

By Freeman Gunter

In the New York Post, Jack Martin called Village People's new film, *Can't Stop the Music,* "the best film musical since *Singin' in the Rain*." Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for the soundtrack album released on Casablanca (NBLP-7220). Other than the Richie Family's familiar disco hit, "Give Me a Break," Village People's driving "I Love You to Death," and a welcome reprise of their earlier hit, "YMCA," the album makes for a dry spell of very thin and monotonous listening.

Jacques Morali, the composer and producer, has missed quite a number of chances to come up with some disco magic. Instead, he opted for what seems like thirty minutes of sixty-second commercial jingles. Although the entire cast performs as though the entire Eastern Seaboard is depending upon them to supply it with energy, the material is stacked against them. "Liberation" is about as tired a batch of old rhetoric as you'd ever want to avoid. Remember Peace, Love and Tie-dye? "Magic Night," a promising title if I ever heard one, turns out to be ordinary in the extreme as does "The Sound of the City," a song that has been written so much better so many times before. "Milkshake" describes in detail the joys of junk food and snacking on same after school. Get the picture? This one is strictly for pre-teen disco diehards.

If you read that an 85-year-old woman had just made the hottest jazz vocal record in the past ten years, would you believe it? Well, *do* believe it, indeed, for Alberta Hunter's new Columbia LP, *Amtrak Blues* (36430) is precisely that. Miss Hunter's unique story is familiar to talk show viewers because she has made numerous appearances since her remarkable comeback several years ago.

After being in on the very beginnings of jazz in Chicago and then becoming an important blues star, especially in Europe, in the twenties and thirties, Alberta Hunter retired from show business in the mid-fifties to pursue a career in nursing. She had no further thoughts of ever singing again but, to her surprise, she continued to live so long that the hospital finally retired her, figuring that she must be at least 65 by then. She was actually in her 80's and looking good. It turned out that she also was sounding good when Barney Josephson persuaded her to take a brief stab at singing for a short engagement at his New York restaurant, the Cookery. The brief engagement stretched to several years of S.R.O. business. All of this led to her being asked to write and perform music for a Robert Altman film, "Remember My Name." The album from that movie was impressive, but it was a slightly disappointment to those who were enjoying her nightly at the Cookery; it seemed a little too frantic and rushed. It tried too hard and failed to capture the relaxed, sensual impulse of Alberta Hunter at her best. The new album, however, succeeds totally and completely.

Make no mistake, Alberta Hunter is not just a great singer for someone 85. She is a great singer, period. A hot singer. Her warm, rich vocal sound, her subtle, driving rhythm and her matchless way of turning a double entendre into a quadruple entendre are a total joy. Hear her majestic renditions of "Darktown Strutter's Ball," "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," and "Sweet Georgia Brown" and be amazed. On a comic song like "My Handy Man," most singers are glad to get their laughs on the punch lines. Alberta's timing is so extraordinary that she gets four or five laughs to the line as she is building up to the punch. This catalogue of all the useful

DISC SCENE

Continued from page 35

things a man can do is probably the slyest, sexiest song ever committed to pressed plastic. "My ice don't get a chance to melt away," sings Alberta, "'cause he sees I get a nice, fresh piece...every day!"

If you love the blues and treasure true jazz singing, don't miss *Amtrak Blues*. It's the real thing.

There is enough evidence on Leontyne Price's new RCA record, "Prima Donna/Volume 5 (ARL1-3522) for a breach-of-promise lawsuit against the diva. For two decades and more, Miss Price has been one of our national living treasures. She is an international opera star of the first rank and yet she seldom ever sings in one of our opera houses. One assumed that this lack of activity was due to a decline in the voice but this new recording proves otherwise. In stupefylingly demanding program of soprano arias, the singer reveals that her voice is in its best condition in years. Vocally secure, radiant at the top and firmly focused at the bottom, Leontyne Price is singing with the luscious tone of a young girl and the increasingly disciplined musicianship of the mature artist which she is.

She sings "Where'er You Walk" from Handel's *Semele*, the entire "Casta Diva" scene from Bellini's *Norma*, "Caro Nome" from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, the "Liebestod" from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, the "Ballatella" from Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci* and Britten's "Soliloquy" from *Gloriana*, all with surprisingly impressive effect. The conducting of Henry Lewis tends to be soggy, leading to some stylistic looseness, particularly in the Handel, but it doesn't really matter much; when did anyone buy a record by a voice this gorgeous to listen to the conducting, anyway?

The "Caro Nome," usually considered the province of smaller "Coloratura" voices, is the great surprise of this disc. Miss Price scales her voice down to an exquisite lightness, accomplishing singing of amazing delicacy and point and she caps the aria with a glorious high E in alt that is the equal of any in the business. Only Weber's killer aria, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" gets away from Leontyne but she is a game girl for even attempting it.

The album is, naturally, a must for all Leontyne Price fans and it will prove to be a powerful eye-opener for anyone who has forgotten just how good Leontyne Price can be. It is the finest record she has made in many seasons. Until she decides to stop denying us the pleasure of hearing her more often at the Met, this stunning recital will have to do.

Two excellent new RCA classical releases feature music from Japan. Flutist James Galway's *Song of the Seashore* (ARL1-3534) and *Tashi PLays Takemitsu* (ARL1-3483), if played back to back, make up an hour of the most sensually appealing and relaxing music for lovemaking or meditation that is possible to imagine.

In the first album, Galway is joined by a Japanese harpist, a koto player and the Tokyo String Orchestra in a group of short pieces of exquisite delicacy and transparency. These are timeless melodies with a child-like sweetness and all of the aural appeal of a waterfall or the distant surf.

Tashi, the famous chamber ensemble founded by pianist Peter Serkin, clarinetist Richard Stolzman, violinist Ida Kavafian and cellist Fred Sherry has played the Bottom Line, had best selling records and in general attained the kind of big business usually reserved for rock groups. They are fine and serious artists and on this record, joined by a most distinguished group of other young instrumentalists, they play the music of the young Japanese composer, Takemitsu. The compositions are rich in percussive colors and intriguing textures and the musicians play them with spellbinding grace, feeling and charm. In a low-keyed and subtle way, these are two very exciting and welcome new releases. I highly recommend them both.

James Galway turns up on another new release, *Sometimes When We Touch* (ARL1-3628). He is teamed up with British singer Cleo Laine in an album of duets of popular songs and pop adaptations of a number of classical "hits." Thus we get Stephen Sondheim, Chuck Mangione and John Denver cheek-by-jowl with Eric Satie, Sir Henry Bishop, Canteloube, Johann Pachelbel and William Shakespeare. In an era of mass-produced musical *drek*, I wish that I could welcome this album more enthusiastically but, alas, the "artistic" nature of the music just brings to the fore the archness and self-conscious hipness that are seldom far away when Cleo Laine brings her particular talent to bear on "Quality" material.

John Dankworth did the musical direction and the album is beautifully produced and recorded. The disc will doubtless score well with Miss Laine's many admirers but to these ears it is a pretentious and heavy-handed effort which—neither fish nor fowl—fails to serve any of the musical areas upon which it draws.

Miss Laine's voice, while undeniably one of unusual range and flexibility, has no truly individual and recognizable tonal center; her singing has no profile and one is constantly assailed by echoes of Sarah Vaughan, Peggy Lee, Ella Fitzgerald, Barbra Streisand and particularly, Morgana King. Will the real Cleo Laine, if she really exists, please stand up?

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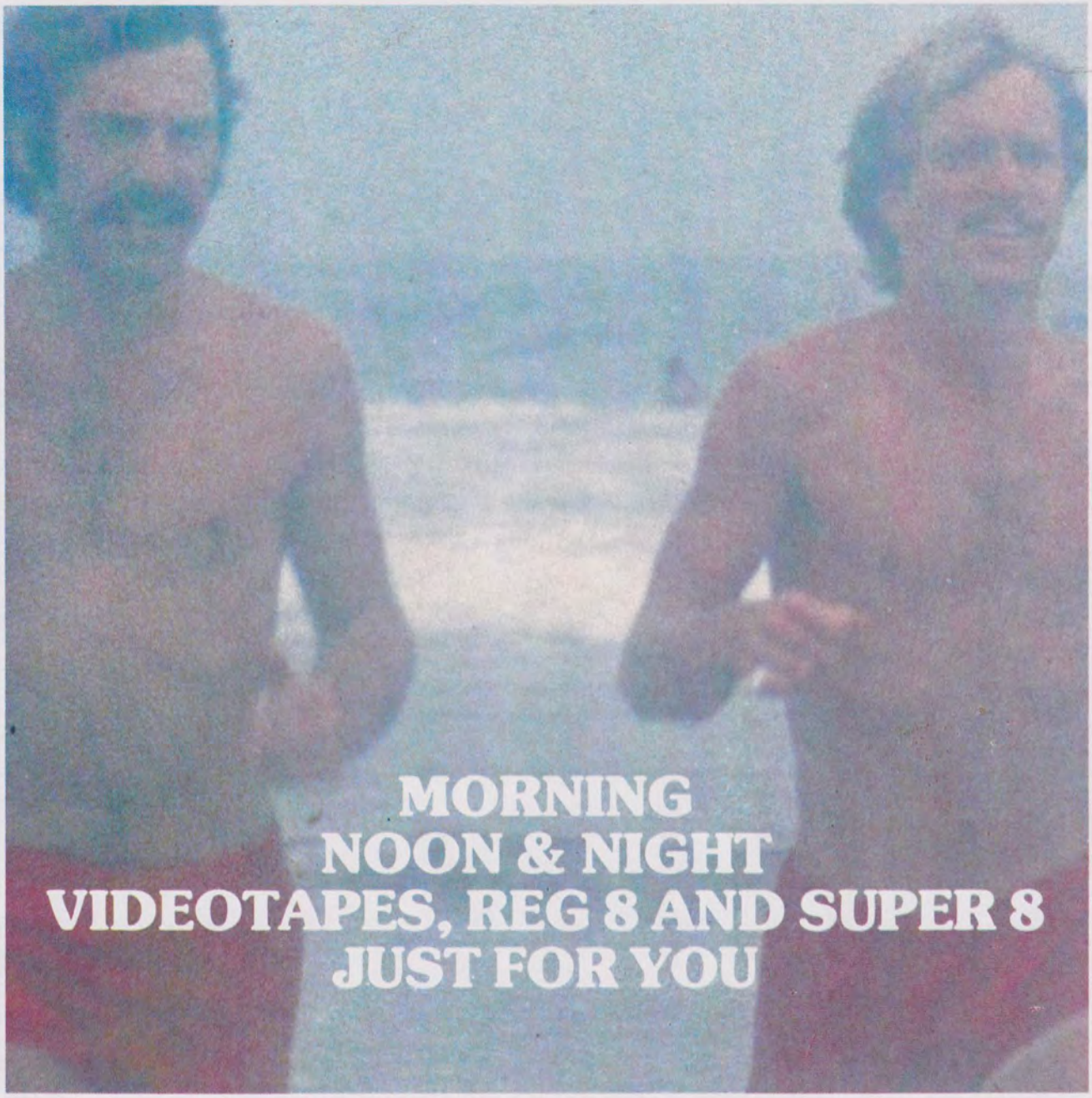

Starring Joe Gage, Tony Lee, Dave Daniels, Greg Miers, Scott Heath *"MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT* will be simply a most erotic, gay-oriented and well made production . . . a strong and hot turn-on." Daily Variety. This film is Joe Gage *before* he made his own films, Dave Daniels at his youngest and is Nick Elliott's first erotic odyssey! Simply fill out the order form below and enclose your check or money order. Then quickly, go find your projector or tape player.

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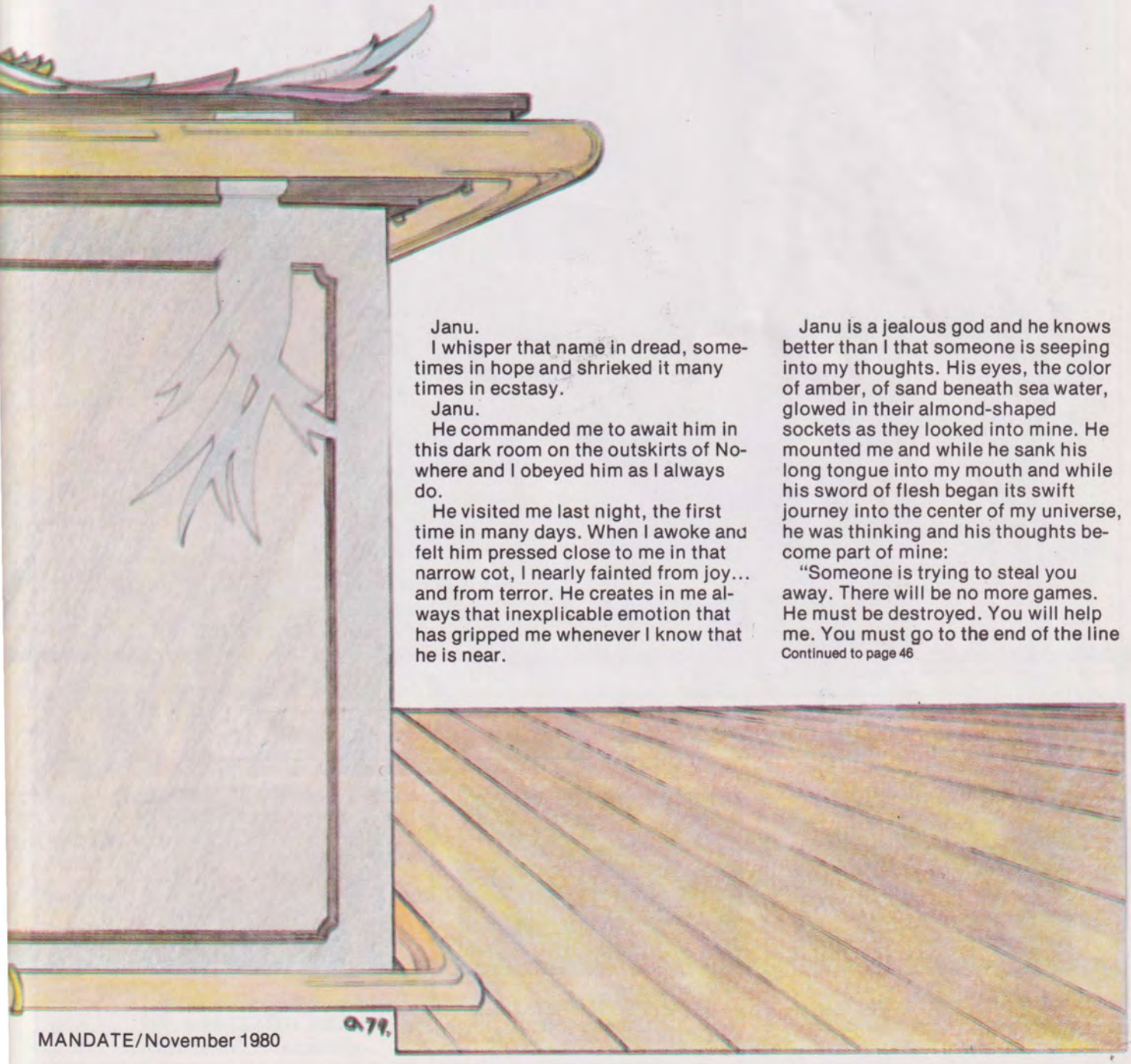
FOUR

JANU

By Jason Fury • Illustration by Mannix



Janu.

I whisper that name in dread, sometimes in hope and shrieked it many times in ecstasy.

Janu.

He commanded me to await him in this dark room on the outskirts of Nowhere and I obeyed him as I always do.

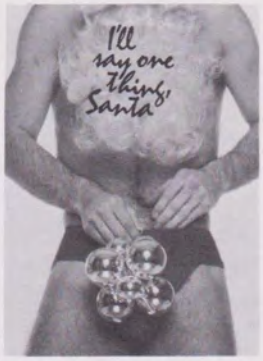
He visited me last night, the first time in many days. When I awoke and felt him pressed close to me in that narrow cot, I nearly fainted from joy... and from terror. He creates in me always that inexplicable emotion that has gripped me whenever I know that he is near.

Janu is a jealous god and he knows better than I that someone is seeping into my thoughts. His eyes, the color of amber, of sand beneath sea water, glowed in their almond-shaped sockets as they looked into mine. He mounted me and while he sank his long tongue into my mouth and while his sword of flesh began its swift journey into the center of my universe, he was thinking and his thoughts become part of mine:

"Someone is trying to steal you away. There will be no more games. He must be destroyed. You will help me. You must go to the end of the line

Continued to page 46

504 O, What Fun It Is To Ride...
Inside: YOU!



502 I'll say one thing, Santa!
Inside: You've got BALLS!

505 You want *what* for Christmas?
Inside: Okay, *when*?

501 I'd love to stuff your stocking
Inside: Season's Greetings

507 Have Yourself a Kicky Little Christmas
Inside: And a Happy New Year

508 No Ifs, Ands or Butts...
Inside: I Love Your Buns!

510A Inside: Merry ChristmASS!

506 Sweet Embraceable You
Inside: Have a sweet embraceable Christmas.

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305 Have I Got a Present for You!

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510B Inside: *THE CLAP!*

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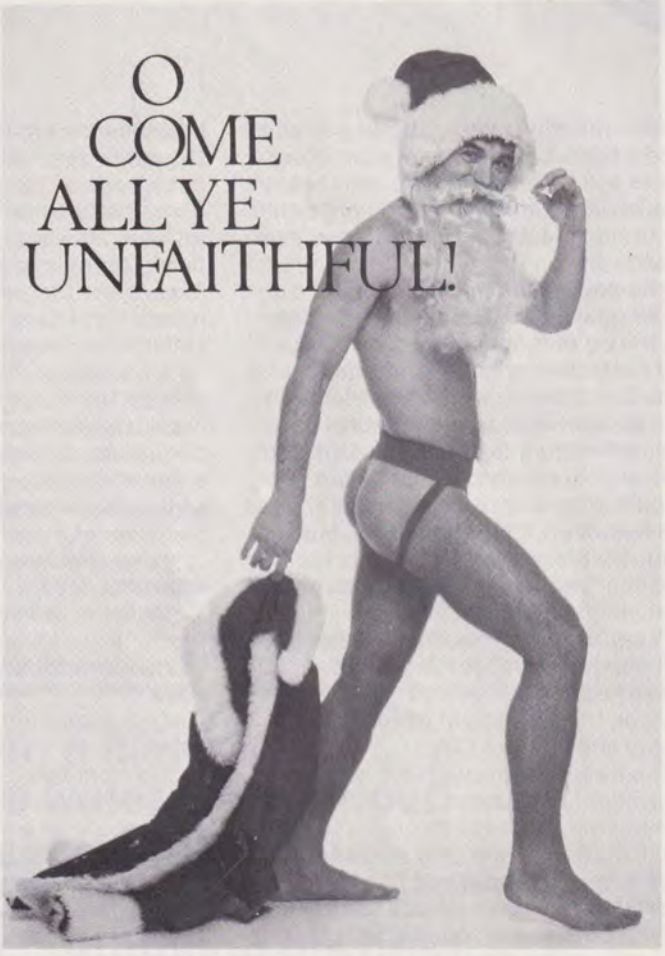
511 Inside: A Good fuck

509 God Rest Ye *Mary* Gentlemen!
Inside: *Mary* Christmas!



503 O Come All Ye Unfaithful
Inside: O Come!

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JANU

on the midnight train. There, you will find a hotel beyond the station. Your room will be ready for you. You must not leave it for a moment. Then, either I...or the one who tries...will come to you."

His power was filling me up, like an inner ocean, and I could say nothing as the tip of him searched within for my heart. It was found and that signaled his release which was violent, like an earthquake. It shot bolts into me, recharging my heart, and the bed shook so it nearly cracked in two. Janu's arms were on either side of me, his hands gripping the railing. His thighs pinioned my hips. I was his prisoner and he smiled as I thought that.

"Yes...my prisoner, forever. For you will never escape me..."

I carried out his instructions.

I took the small train which was empty and left The City.

The train flew through the night like a silver column of energy, carrying no one but me. I passed through the small station where only rats and snakes moved about and I came shortly to this hotel. It was so tall that I could not see the top of it as it shot upward, stretching further up than any skyscraper I have ever seen.

The lobby was empty but on the counter was a large, square envelope that bore my name. Inside, on a piece of cardboard, I read: Room 10001. I took the elevator up to this floor, passing rows of closed doors and wondered what lay behind them. I found my room and it was identical to my austere chamber at home. There is a narrow bed, covered in white muslin, in the corner; a table with a chair and on the table a silver platter bearing hard bread, a metal pitcher filled with water and a crystal goblet. On the bed is a small volume, bound in black with a single word printed in red: *Poem*. I will read that later. There is a window here, too, one with bars through which I can see the gigantic moon, filling up the entire sky, like the mirage of a desert one sometimes sees in the Sahara. It looks like the sky has turned into golden sand. I look through the bars...far below, almost hidden behind layers of mist are the forests and mountains I have crossed and the ravines which resemble silver threads.

I sit down on the edge of the bed and pick up the thin book. Janu left it here...or, perhaps, it was the *other* one...I can almost imagine the footsteps of Janu thundering in the past as they try to reach the present. I open the cover of *Poem* and begin reading:

"I fled Him down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him..."

Yes! Yes! All of that is so true. The poem could be a biography of my life with Janu. I read on:

"All things betray thee, who betrayest me..."

I have tried to flee from him constantly but he has always found me, recaptured me and made me cling to him more. I knew I could try to hide from him until eternity ends and he will still find me...through the years, into all my hiding places, even into 'my own mind'...and those feet will always follow...follow after.

2

There is a period in my life when I was very young and there was no Janu. Strangely, I can recall hardly any of those days. In the small village where I lived, I spent most of my time in the house where only my father and the servants lived. I knew none of the other children and had no wish to. I was happy in my own self and spent my time studying religion and philosophy and walking in the thick forests surrounding our house. I was aware, even then, of a quality of waiting. It was not something one could define verbally. It was a hidden thought but it convinced me that something fantastic would one day happen to me. I never doubted that for a moment.

There was one tract of land, near our estate, where Father forbade me to enter. The Star Woods. It was called that lovely name because Indians once believed that certain stars would descend from the skies at various times of the year and settle down for the night among those trees and magic rituals would ensue.

Often, while my nanny would walk with me on the outskirts of Star Woods, I would look at those black trees and the strange white flowers that grew in such abundance there and long to enter among them. A silent voice seemed to constantly urge me to enter.

I would beg of my old nanny to let me slip into that wood, even for a second, but the very thought made her face grow pale.

"The dark one dwells there," she said once, "it is his home and one must never intrude upon his privacy. God forbid!" I could not get her to say anything more about "The Dark One."

* * *

The years passed quickly, dreamily, and I took all my lessons at home from private tutors. Soon, I was sixteen and ready to enter the university, a hundred miles away. The day before I was to leave for school, I did something I had dreamt of endlessly but never dared attempt: I entered Star Woods. I felt no fear as I slipped into that forbidden area, shunned and loathed by the village people. The pale flowers, almost translucent, covered the ground but no sounds of wind nor animals disturbed the sanctity of that eerie place. There was no path but my feet seemed to move of their own

accord and led me to the edge of a glimmering pool, filled with black water. No leaves or bracken floated on its still surface. Suddenly, I noticed the bubbles and the widening ripples of something coming upward. It was a huge man, a naked man, who erupted out of the water and stepped lightly onto the bank of the pond. His eyes glowed huge large and yellow through the dim light. A smile grew on those thick, sensuous lips and he held out two arms towards me. He was very dark, indeed, the perfect image of the "Dark One" my nanny had whispered about. But his skin had a greenish pallor to it and I thought immediately of underwater kingdoms and a race of people who live far below the surface of the earth. Two small antennae grew above his eyebrows, on his forehead.

heart beating beneath the skin of his chest. With a lunge, he toppled us over the side of the pond and we began falling through the water for several long minutes, traveling at an incredible speed as the result of his powerful strokes. I was not frightened because I knew I was safe in the arms of this supernatural creature.

The darkness began to fade and a pale light grew stronger below us. The man flew with me across green tiled floors bearing drawings of strange beings and animals; past crumbling columns, through a large square in the middle of the floor into a gigantic chamber, so huge I could not see where it ended nor how far up the ceiling went. Placed in the center of the room was a pyramid and my master flew with me to the top. There was a

lions of years ago it was predicted of your coming here, 'The One Who Is Yet to Come.'"

I felt his penis creeping up the inside of my leg and it began kissing my opening, and then it gained entrance and loved me deeper. I felt no pain and I realized that through some powers of his own, Janu had reduced his monstrous organ to accommodate me, who was then a virgin. Then Janu began to move his hips in a steady rhythm and his insistent gestures became more frenzied and suddenly his thoughts were gasping, almost sobbing. And then I felt my internal self become drenched in a marvelous balm that soothed me but wanted more of it. Janu complied with my new-found desire and many more times did he issue forth that magical

"It was a huge man, a naked man, who erupted out of the water and stepped lightly onto the bank of the pond. His eyes glowed huge large and yellow through the dim light...Although his lips did not move, I read his thoughts perfectly..."

His immense phallus twitched and lashed itself around his knees like a serpent. Although his lips did not move, I read his thoughts perfectly:

"So. You have come to me at last. The waiting has been long. But I am happy now. Here, don this." And he placed a wreath of soft leaves on my head like the one he wore. The phallus began darting around my feet and legs and wrapped about my waist and pulled me to him. Although his skin was moist and hot, I could hear no

raised dais there and he laid me down upon it. Gently, he placed his massive bulk over me and he put the back of one of his hands behind my head. Smiling, he thought:

"I am Janu and have waited long for you. You are not your father's child but one of royalty from the planet Xidan, brought here by an enemy of your original parent. You were found a short distance away by a shepherd and adopted by your father. It was fore-ordained that you should be mine. Mil-

elixir that made me want to never leave him. Finally, he raised himself away from me and his organ resumed its natural dimensions; it wrapped around me and pulled me against Janu's chest. And he swam with me up to the surface and out of the pond.

"No matter where you go," he thought, slipping back into the water, "I will be there. No matter where you try to hide. I will be there. So farewell...for now."

Continued to page 69

MANDATE LETTERS

CHARLES & BOB

Dear *Mandate*:

Wow!

I have been a fan of your magazine ever since the first issue and I just wanted to say you've outdone yourself with the August, Key West issue. I've heard a lot about Key West over the past few years, but I never had much interest in going until I saw the terrific photo spreads you did.

In both the fashion and nude layouts in the issue the photography was so right on, the settings so lush, I felt almost like I could smell the warm breezes from the Gulf. If your two hot models, Charles and Bob, are any indication of the *fauns* that stalk around The Pines guesthouse pool, I'm ready to make plane reservations right now.

Thanks for fulfilling my fantasies, *Mandate*, and for bringing me and other readers the best damned magazine on the stands.

M.L.
Philadelphia, PA

"THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SIGHS"

Dear *Mandate*,

I love to part my lips and ooze out the words "Oh Michael...Michael" when a Michael (I've known one or two) has me entranced, out of this world, in sexual passion. Michael Sisk, with those beautiful, sensually commanding eyes, makes me call out "Oh Michael...Michael" every time I spot the cover of your July issue. His face—all by itself—looks more exciting than many of the other "cocky" men I've seen in your magazine.

Sincerely,
H.C.B.

P.S. Tell him that I'm in love with his image. (I wish I were the only one!)

Photo right by Jurgen Vollmer

GORGEOUS HUNK

Dear *Mandate*:

I would like to congratulate you on your superb magazine. I find your articles very interesting and in depth and your photo layouts are excellent.

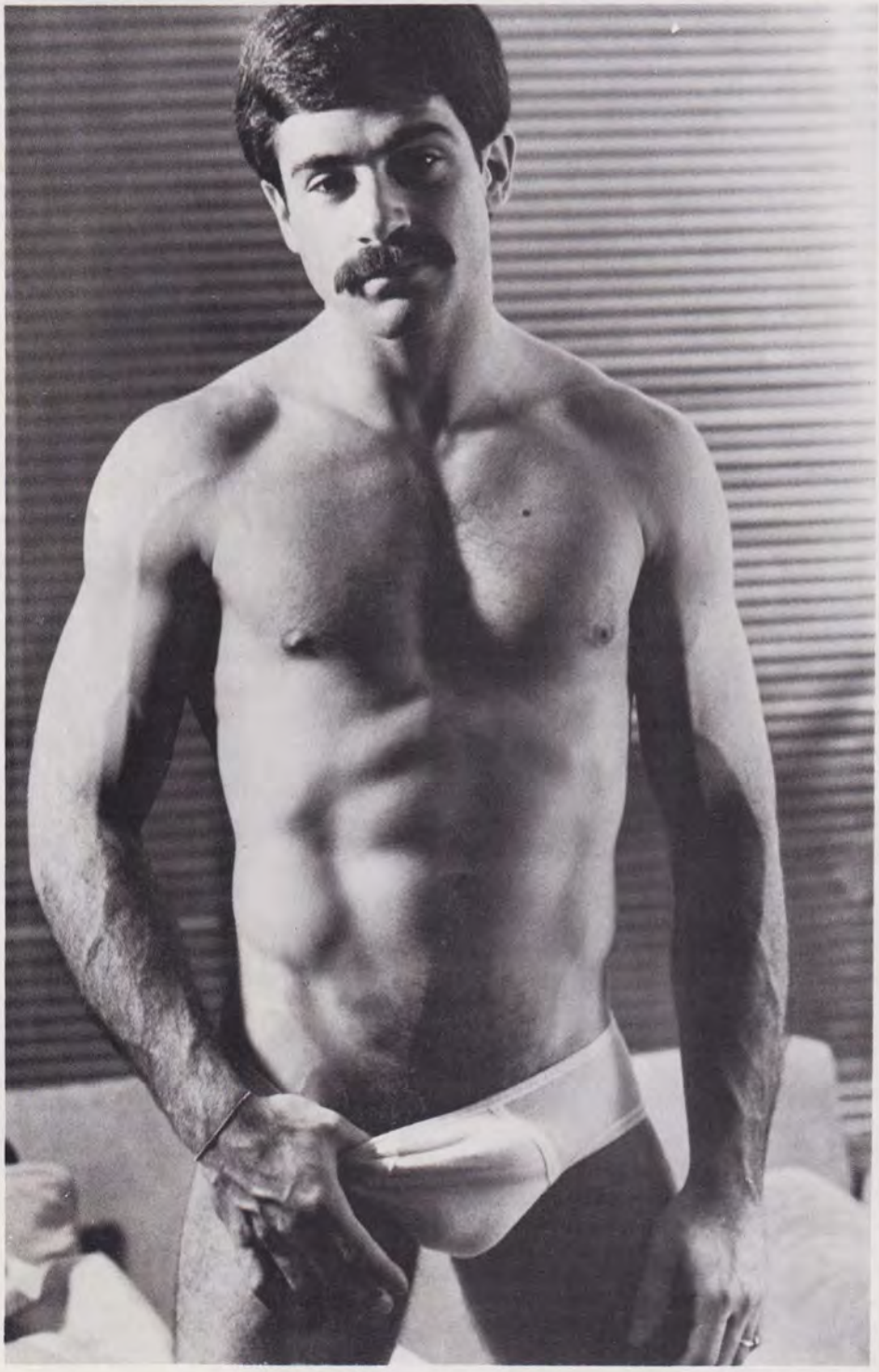
I think your magazine is one of the best of its kind on the market, because I feel you and your staff really understand the gay society, judging from the techniques you use in your articles and photo layouts. I feel if some of the heterosexuals would be openminded enough to read your magazine, then maybe they could better understand "Gay Society." I feel through reading your magazine they would find that homosexuals are just normal people, maybe more normal than some heterosexuals.

You have a permanent buyer and reader of your magazine in me, and I recommend it highly to everyone. I hope you and the staff keep publishing this superb magazine for eternity.

Before I close, I would like to compliment you on the "gorgeous hunk of mankind" in your July 1980 issue of *Mandate*. He was featured in your photo layout entitled "Stranger." He is the man of my fantasies. I just love to see attractive, mature, masculine men in sporty suits, but then I love to see them in the nude, too. Man! Would I like to make my fantasies come to reality with him.

"Keep Up the Good Work!"

A reader always,
L.T., Penna.



A "STRANGER" NO MORE

Sirs—

I just finished your July issue and thank you again for a terrific magazine. Especially Malcolm Hoare's photos of that special hunk. You know the one with the chic suit and tie, the big moustache and the look in his eye that let me know he knew all about me.

What a gorgeous baby. He could share a glass of wine at my place anytime. And when he strips away the suit and shows that fabulous body... Well, I had to run for help. If I could get my hands on that man I'm sure I could leave the streets alone.

Give him all my best since I can't myself—wish you'd shown us the ass. But thanks for all you *did* show. He's fabulous.

P.B.
New York

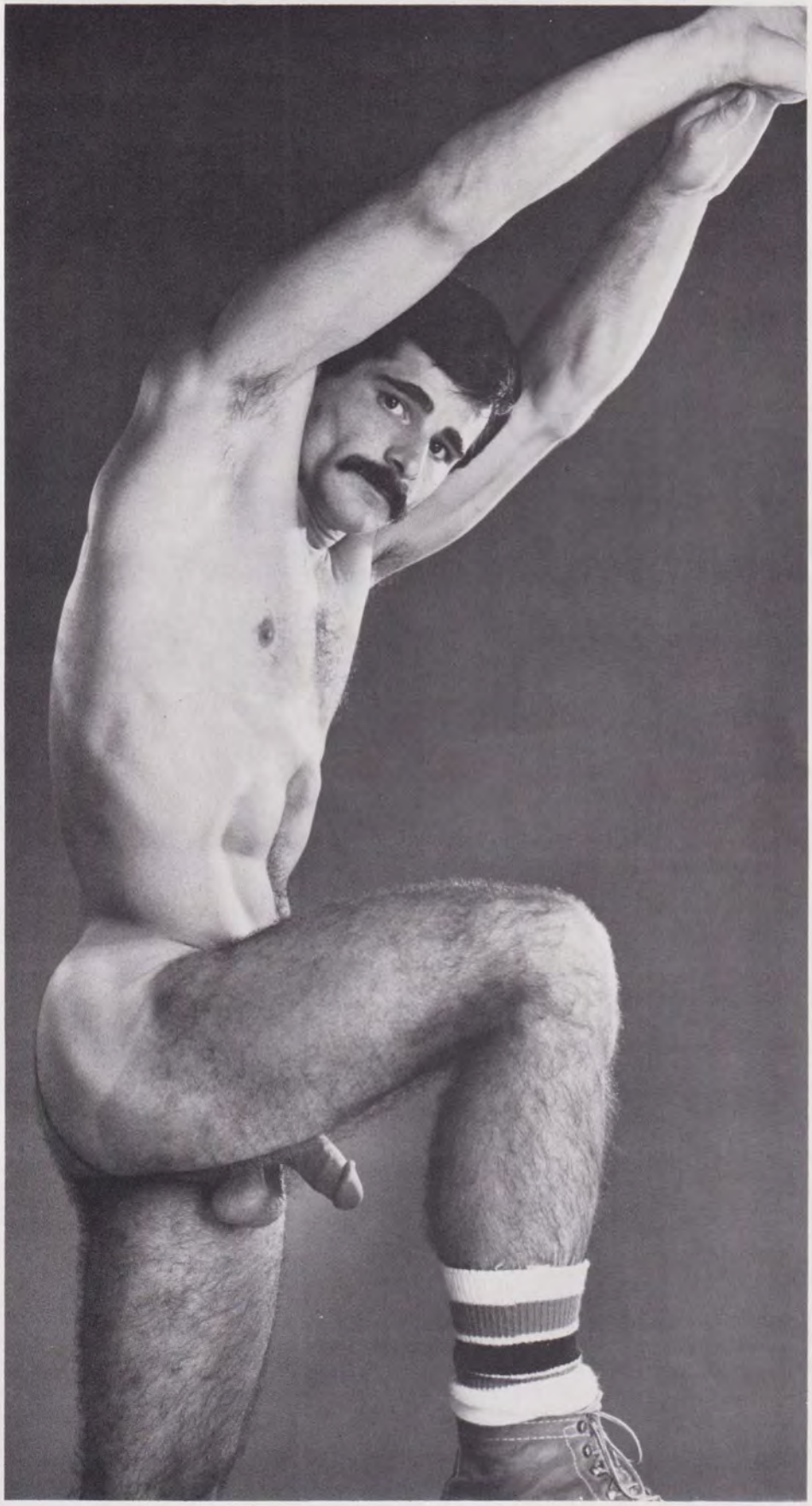
LATIN LOVER

Dear *Mandate*,

Just read your copy of July 1980 and on the next to last pages discovered Robert Rodriguez and the Sicilian. I can't begin to tell you the feelings I got between my legs! I am so sorry I missed their feature stories. Gorgeous Latins!

Cordially,
G.D.
Selden, N.Y.

Photo left by Malcolm Hoare



LETTERS

"JOEY, JOEY, JOE"

Letter to the Editor...

I just wanted to congratulate you for your back issue from November 1979 in regards to the Italian man. And especially THE SON OF ITALY—boy is he beautiful! I'm sure that whoever his lover is he must be very happy and proud having such a man as Joe Porcelli as a lover. Living in San Francisco I hardly see something as HOT and simple as Joe. For sure, he will be one of my biggest fantasies. I sure hope you have more pictures of this hunk in the near future.

Keep it up, Buddies. I know I would if I had Joe in front of me!

Best wishes,
V.Y.
San Francisco

MANDATE MAN

Dear *Mandate*,

Joe Porcelli, your November cover, is one of the best I've ever seen. This is my first effort to write any publication regarding their contents, but *Mandate* has a star. Would be happy to trade my new subscription for Joe's address. Keep up the good searching. I sure plan to keep reading.

L.D.
Laguna Beach, CA

COVERMAN

Dear *Mandate*:

First, I would like to thank you for the beautiful cover and feature story you did on me in the November issue, and for all the photos of me you have run since. And second, I particularly want to thank all the *Mandate* readers who wrote in saying how much they liked them too. I was overwhelmed and gratified by their positive responses. It is one of my major fantasies come true.

Once again, thanks.

Sincerely,
Joe Porcelli
New York, New York

Left: Mandate Man Joe Porcelli caused an avalanche of reader response. Photo by Roy Blakey.

MANDATE LETTERS

"REAL" MEN

Dear Sirs:

I am writing you today to congratulate you on your June 1980 magazine. I have been reading your mag for about a year now and even though I am only seventeen I feel I have the right to read your magazine. I think that the most ridiculous thing I see is when one of your ads says you must be over 21 before we can fill your order, but why do you assholes have to put "because this is for REAL men only"? Well, it took me a while but I realized the only reason you put something like that is so you people will get us mad and then we send for the product out of furiosity against your little comment and you guys make a buck and we got a fucking good movie of some jocks screwing the shit out of each other.

It's not that I am trying to be a bastard or anything, but don't you guys remember when you were little or should I say just about adults. And especially where I come from. I live in Pittsfield, Mass. and there is no excitement whatsoever. You know, sometimes I think I am the only gay in town and I wouldn't be afraid to be on it either.

Well, let me finish by saying that June's issue is the best yet. Try and get them better and let's see some more of Letch Feeley without the figleaf, if you know what I mean.

Underage
Pittsfield, Mass.

The way we see it, a man is a man no matter how old he is. Unfortunately, the law says otherwise. We're still glad you have turned on to Mandate *whether you're seventeen, twenty-one or seventy-five.—Ed.*

"SOUTH OF THE BORDER"

Dear *Mandate—Honcho*:

I've been subscribing to your magazines since April '80 and I can hardly wait to receive each magazine every month. Your photos as well as the fantasies are amazing. They make me have a hard on from the first to the last page of the magazines. You must keep things going the way they are just now. More would be too much for me.

Here in Brazil we don't have magazines like yours, and all of my friends are always asking me to lend them my magazines. They all agree with me that your publication is the best in gay magazines.

Soon I will also subscribe to the *Playguy* magazine. You'll hear from me very soon. I'll buy some back issues also.

I would like to thank your subscription staff for being so kind to me (through an international phone call).

Sincerely yours,
M.A.V.
Brazil

KEEP IT COMING

Dear *Mandate*,

I am 19 years old and have been reading your magazine for some time now. I find it to be the best gay magazine ever.

I would like to congratulate you on your July 1980 centerfold, Michael Sisk. He is the most beautiful hunk of man yet in your magazine.

Keep all the well hung studs coming in your magazine.

Thanks.
E.T.J.
Arnaudville, Louisiana

P.S. Could you please print one more picture of Michael Sisk?

LOTS OF LUST

Dear *Mandate*:

I'm writing to point out the fact that some of us women like men too.

I've just spent a rainy afternoon indulging in a bottle of Black Tower and some photos of some really sexy bodies.

The nasty little things I would like to do to Byron Hawkwood are enough to make any gay man think about women. I'd like to lick him all over, from his nose to his toes, and especially those parts which fall in between.

Personally, I feel (with my hands and my heart), actually I feel that it would be really nice to see some of your men standing on end, if you know what I mean.

To get right down to it, I would get right down to it, given half a chance.

I've always had a weakness for a man with a really nice chest. I've always been one to start at the top.

When it comes to a juicy cock, it's not the meat, it's the motion. I've always liked things that are easy to swallow.

I just wrote to let you know that your magazine is not only read by gay men.

Hope to see lots more.

Sue
Edmonton, Alberta

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

Dear *Mandate*:

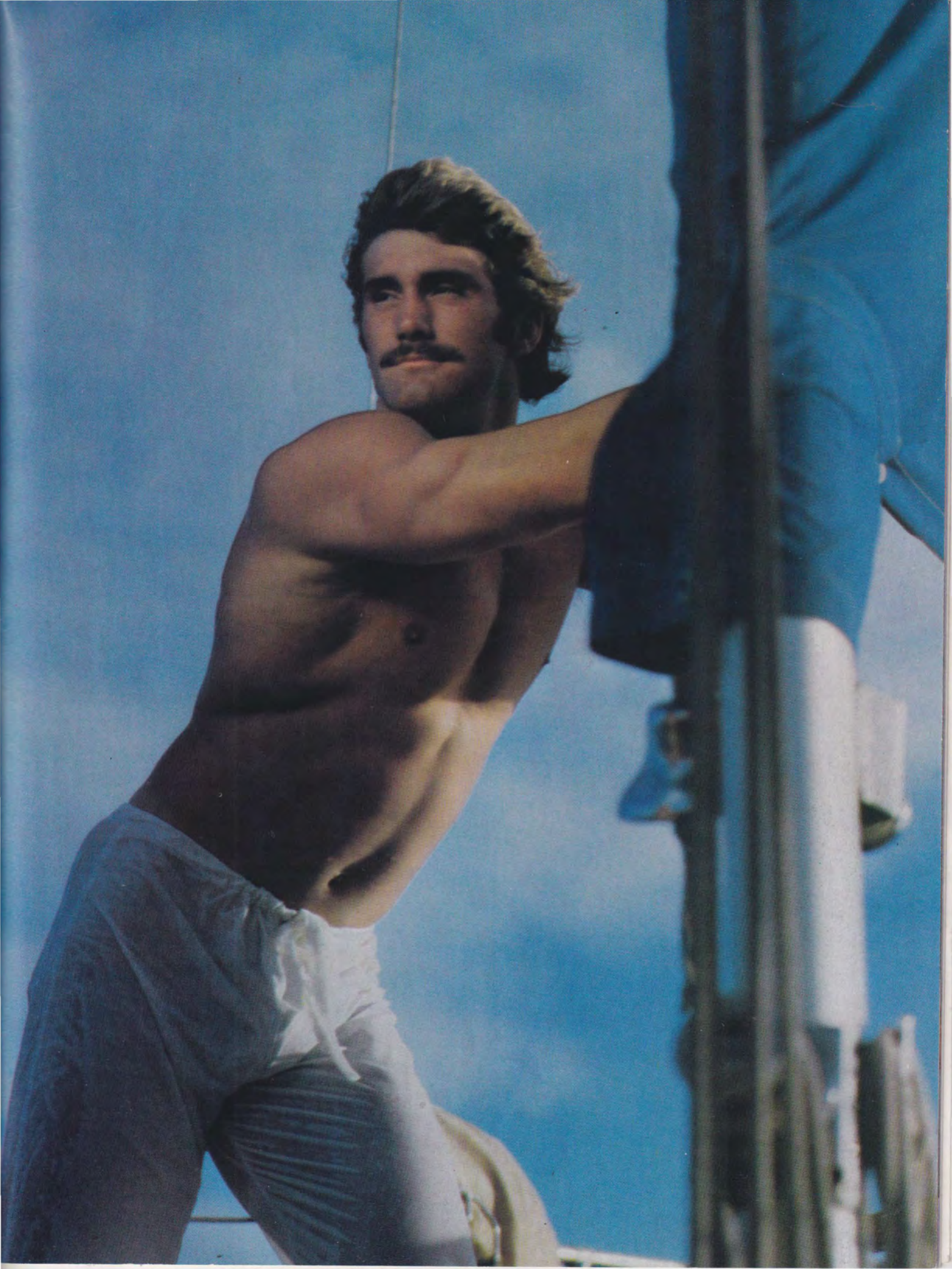
First I want to thank you for consistently being the best gay magazine in the world! I have been reading gay magazines ever since they started appearing on the newsstands and I have seen many come and go, but none of them has ever equalled the quality of *Mandate*. I am speaking not only of the fabulous nudes that appear each month, but the other features—interviews, *Mandata*, film reviews, articles, record reviews—as well. It's good to know that you and your staff realize that there is an intellectual side to being gay as well as a physical side. Your magazine provides the healthy balance that is so often lacking in the field of gay publishing.

Second, I have a request. In your May issue you did a photographic spread on a model by the name of Byron Hawkwood. When I flipped through that section of the magazine I could hardly believe my eyes. It was as if someone at Colt Studio and at *Mandate* had read my thoughts and come up with the man I consider perfect in every way. Hawkwood embodies the tough masculinity and sensitive features that I find so appealing in a man. Sure I like muscular bodies, a nice ass and dick, but I also look for something else—something that shows in the eyes—and Hawkwood's got them all! This may seem a little unusual, but I would like to see this perfect man with some clothes on. I have seen him all in the May issue, have seen everything that is usually hidden from a stranger and now I would like to see it covered a bit. I find seeing a man dressed and then seeing him naked to be the total turnon. What a thrill it is to see some guy in a pair of jeans, or a suit and then be able to see what they are covering. If it is not too much trouble, would you satisfy my fantasy?

And thanks again for the many hours of reading pleasure.

A devoted reader,
Minneapolis, Minn.

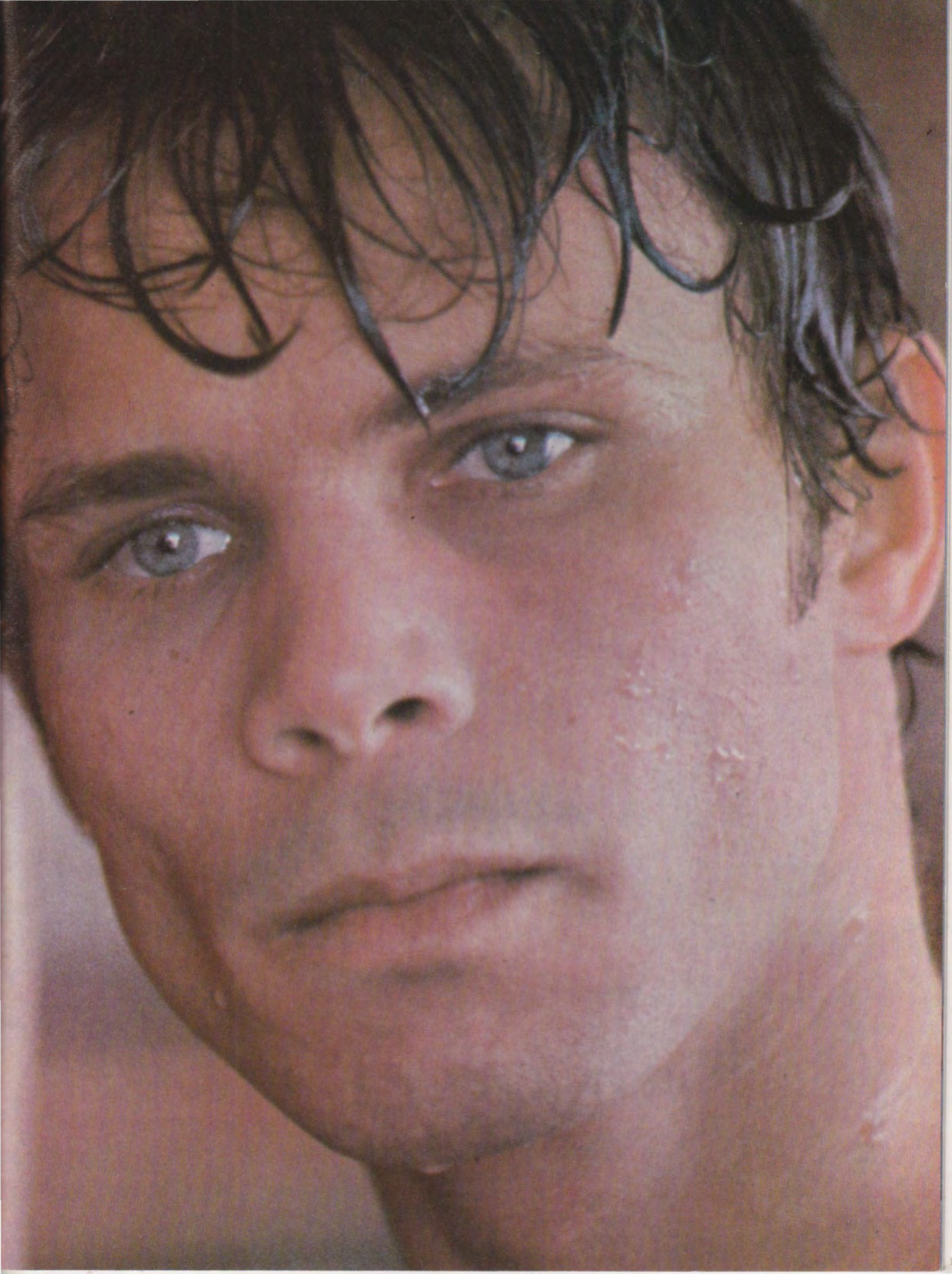
At right: Hawkwood clothed. Photograph by Colt.



KING OF THE RING

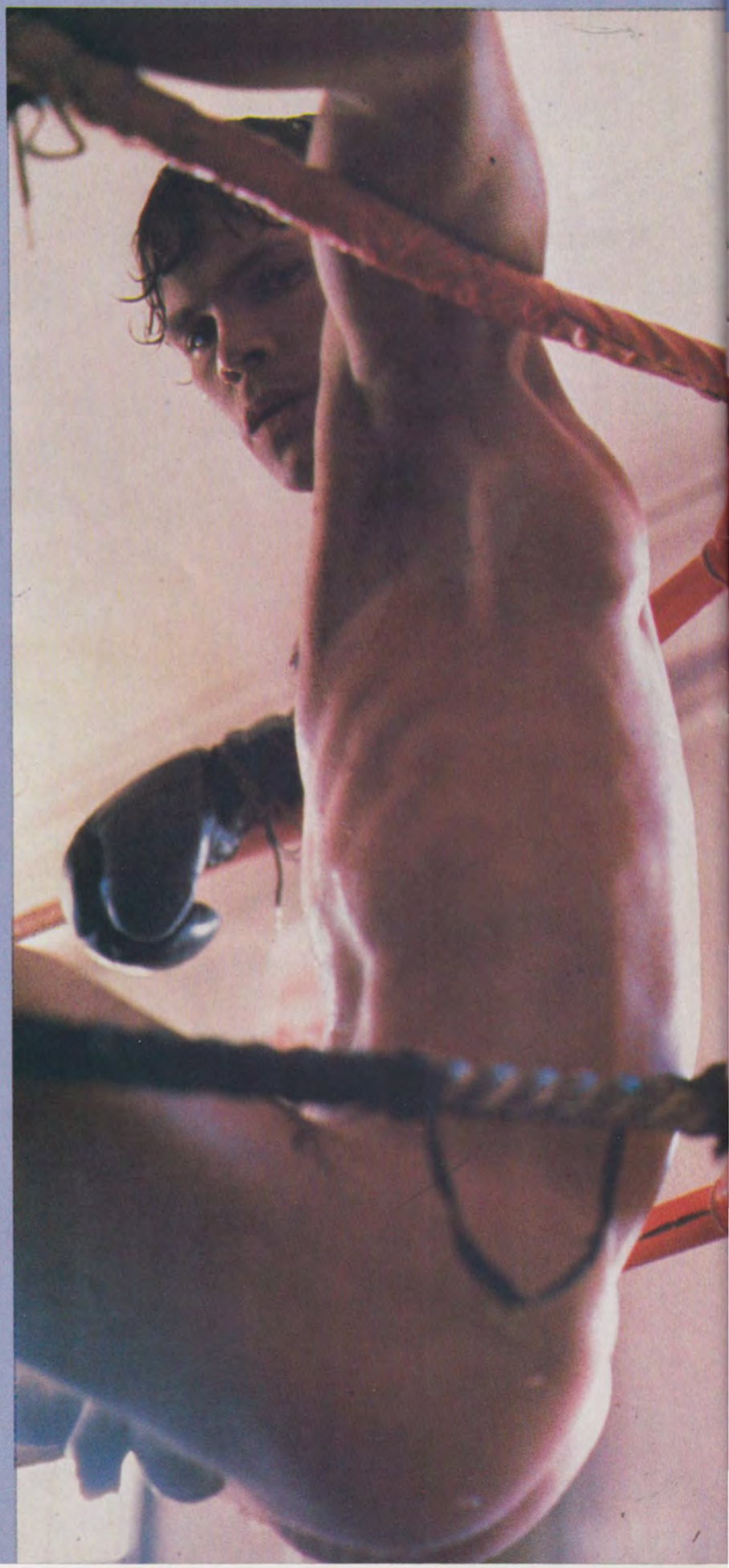
MAKE NO MISTAKE, BOXING IS ONE OF THE ROUGHEST SPORTS EVER TO PIT ONE MAN AGAINST ANOTHER. BOXING REQUIRES A DELICATE BALANCE OF CUNNING, PHYSICAL PROWESS AND STRENGTH. THE CONTENDERS OUT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP BELT ARE MANY, THE MEN WHO BATTLE THEIR WAY TO THE TOP ARE VERY FEW INDEED. FOR A LONGER LOOK AT THIS MOST MASCULINE OF SPORTS, TURN THE PAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS: COSCO



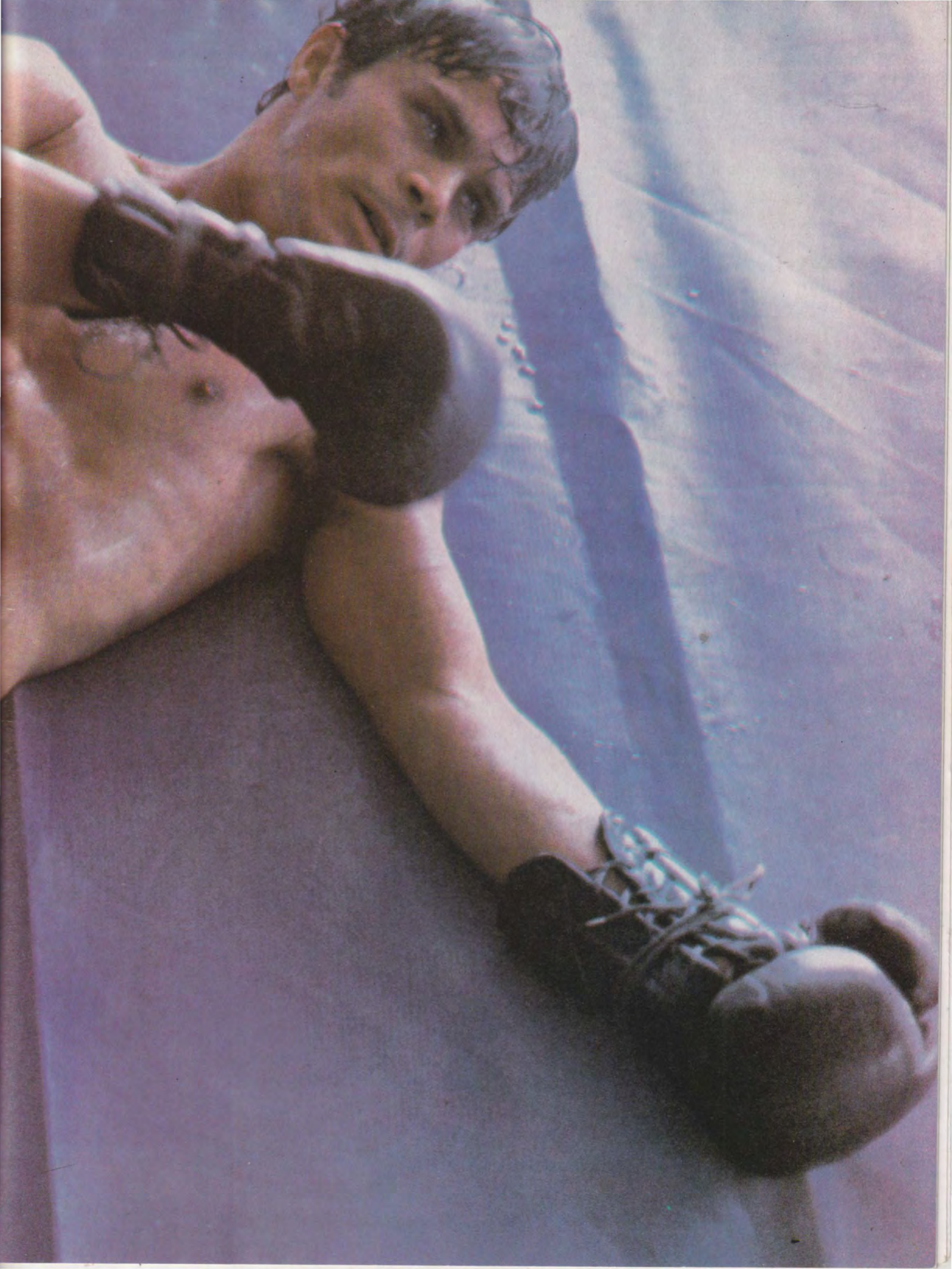
KING OF THE RING

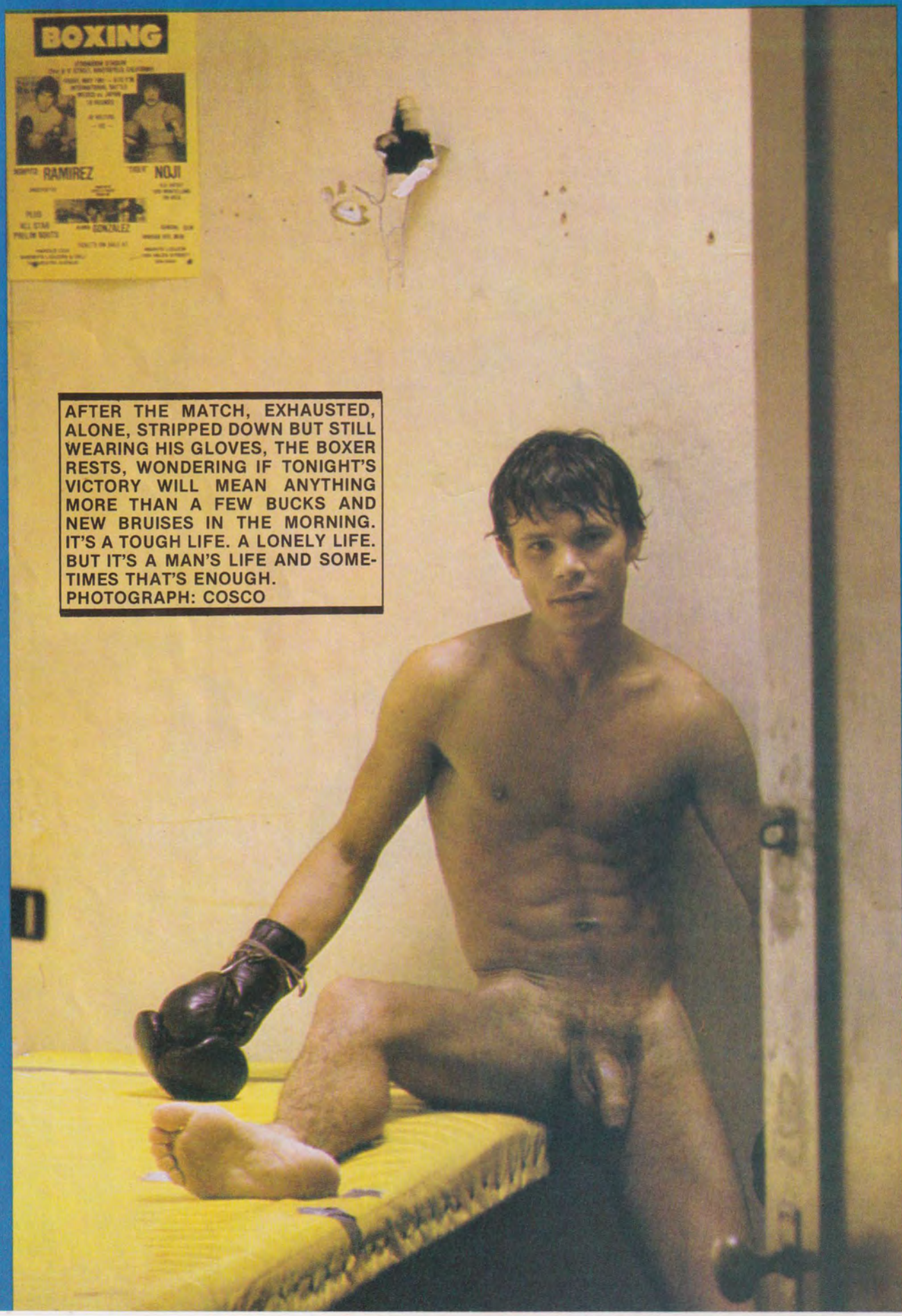
PHOTOGRAPHS: COSCO



THE PURE COMBATIVE SPECTACLE OF ONE MAN ATTEMPTING PHYSICALLY TO OVERPOWER ANOTHER CAN BE TRACED AS FAR BACK AS ANCIENT GREECE. THE *PERSONA* OF THE BOXER, THE MYSTIQUE OF THE RING HAS BEEN A FAVORITE SUBJECT FOR COUNTLESS PLAYS AND FILMS. ONE HAS ONLY TO SEE *REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT, FAT CITY, GOLDEN BOY* TO NAME BUT A FEW TO SAVOR THE HARDHITTING, DREAM-FILLED WORLD OF PROFESIONAL BOXING. TO MAKE IT TO THE TOP, LIKE MUHAMMED ALI, IS TO BE KING OF THE RING, TO BE APPLAUDED, TO BE BEST OF THE BEST. TO BE ANYTHING ELSE IS TO TAKE COUNTLESS BEATINGS DURING LONELY EXHIBITION MATCHES KNOWING THAT THE NEXT NIGHT WILL BRING THE SAME PUNISHMENT. PAUL SETON, PHOTOGRAPHED BY COSCO, HAS THE SLEEK, TOUGH BODY OF THE BOXER. HIS NAKED BODY GLISTENING WITH SWEAT, HIS FACE SHOWING THE BLIND DETERMINISM TO BE A WINNER, THE EVER-PRESENT GLOVES WORN PROUDLY AS A SYMBOL OF HIS SPORT, ALL COMBINE TO PRESENT THE ESSENCE OF BOXING: ANIMAL AGILITY WITH A MINIMUM OF PROTECTION. HE MAY WIN OR LOSE BUT ONE THING PAUL SETON WILL NOT DO—GIVE UP.

MANDATE
Photograph by Cosco





AFTER THE MATCH, EXHAUSTED, ALONE, STRIPPED DOWN BUT STILL WEARING HIS GLOVES, THE BOXER RESTS, WONDERING IF TONIGHT'S VICTORY WILL MEAN ANYTHING MORE THAN A FEW BUCKS AND NEW BRUISES IN THE MORNING. IT'S A TOUGH LIFE. A LONELY LIFE. BUT IT'S A MAN'S LIFE AND SOMETIMES THAT'S ENOUGH.
PHOTOGRAPH: COSCO

MANDATE LETTERS

S&M ART?

Dear Editor:

Is it really necessary for a magazine of *Mandate*'s reputation to give publicity to the underground of gay life? Your article, "Art Gallery: Stompers" in the August, 1980 issue was devoted to what's called "leather art." I think we would all be better off if you and other gay magazines would pay attention to the advancement of gay art, not its degeneracy.

Clifford T.
Detroit, MI

KEY WEST TURN ON

Dear Editor of *Mandate*:

Your August 1980 issue contained one of the most lush and sensuous travel features I've ever dreamt of seeing in any magazine—gay or straight. I loved the way your Key West layout spread from fashion and accurate backdrops to the "Torrid Zone" where the same models showed the great fashion that nature gave them.

This is the kind of travel reportage and photography that we all want to look at—keep up the good work!

Hans K.
Minneapolis, MN

NAKED MEN

Dear *Mandate*:

I was delighted to see the special photographic spread entitled "Naked Men." It was fascinating to see the way a woman would view the naked male figure.

I suppose it's a sign of the liberated times that females are now able to get as much pleasure from the male body that we gays have for years. It was also interesting to see the subtle way that male sexuality was perceived by this young lady. It was a change from the male photographers you usually feature. Are we men perhaps a little more cynical in our perceptions, a little more harsh, a little more genitally oriented?

The piece *was* very enjoyable. I think it would be a grand idea for *Mandate* to continue to show us the different ways different people see the male body.

Xavier G.
Miami, FL

TO CUT OR NOT...

Dear *Mandate* Editor:

Is circumcision equivalent to a crime?

It is done to someone while he is helpless and screaming bloody murder. It leaves him with a scar around a very sensitive part of his anatomy.

Don't you think the reason it's done is to promote less touching of genitals? Somehow society has convinced itself that this is the way it should be, and I think it's an outrage!

Where do I take my case?

J.R.
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Surprisingly enough, there are *tens of millions of "victims" of the dreaded knife who've managed to fashion happy and productive lives, although there* is *a pro-uncut backlash. We do indeed bemoan the fact that the decision is made by people not directly involved in the consequences.*

MAGNIFICENT

Dear Sirs:

In the July issue of *Mandate*, you feature a great looking stud on page 37...Michael.

Since his studio is Len Tavares... would it be possible to obtain photo sets, films, or magazines of this magnificent male?

Keep up the good work...and thank you!

C.B.N.
San Gabriel, CA

PIGEONS AND BUGS

Gentlemen:

I want to compliment you on your fine magazine; and I have a request.

The cover of your December 1979 issue, Vol. 5 No. 55, showed a picture

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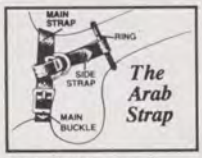

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of Robert Rodriguez. I am a camera "bug" and that is the most beautiful face that I have ever seen. However, you have "MANDATE" written across his head. In a future issue, would you please reprint the picture, with no writing.

Also, in your June 1980 issue, Vol. 6 No. 61, on page 5 you reprint the writings of Ayatollah Khomeini in which he recommends coitus with domesticated animals, such as dogs, cats, pigeons, donkeys, and lambs. Due to the obvious disproportion in anatomy, will you please tell me how does one fuck a pigeon.

Very truly yours,
R.T.
Jacksonville, Fla.

THE "STRANGER" STRIKES AGAIN

Dear *Mandate*,

I have been reading your magazine for about a year now. *Mandate* is the only gay magazine I buy. It has so much more than just nude men—although that is my favorite part.

Out of all the men in *Mandate*, Robert Rodriguez was my favorite. Then, in your July issue I set eyes on the "stranger." From the very first look I knew this had to be the best thing *Mandate* had ever put between its front and back cover. He is the best looking guy I have ever seen. If only I knew his name and something about him. Please show more of him in your magazine (a photo by your letter column would be great).

S.B.
Virginia

P.S. Keep up the good work and remember that God loves gays, too!

"MAN OF ALL MEN"

Mandate Letters:

I've read and saw them all, but open a drawer in my pad, you'll find *Mandate* mostly—the #1 in my opinion.

Am writing concerning Michael Sisk, July cover man. He's beautiful, dynamic, a man of all men, what else do I have to say. If you would like to print this, maybe he will read this, as I wish him all the success in the modeling field, he sure has the proper credentials. I'm a man in my early 30's, but still active, don't back up into me.

Continued to page78

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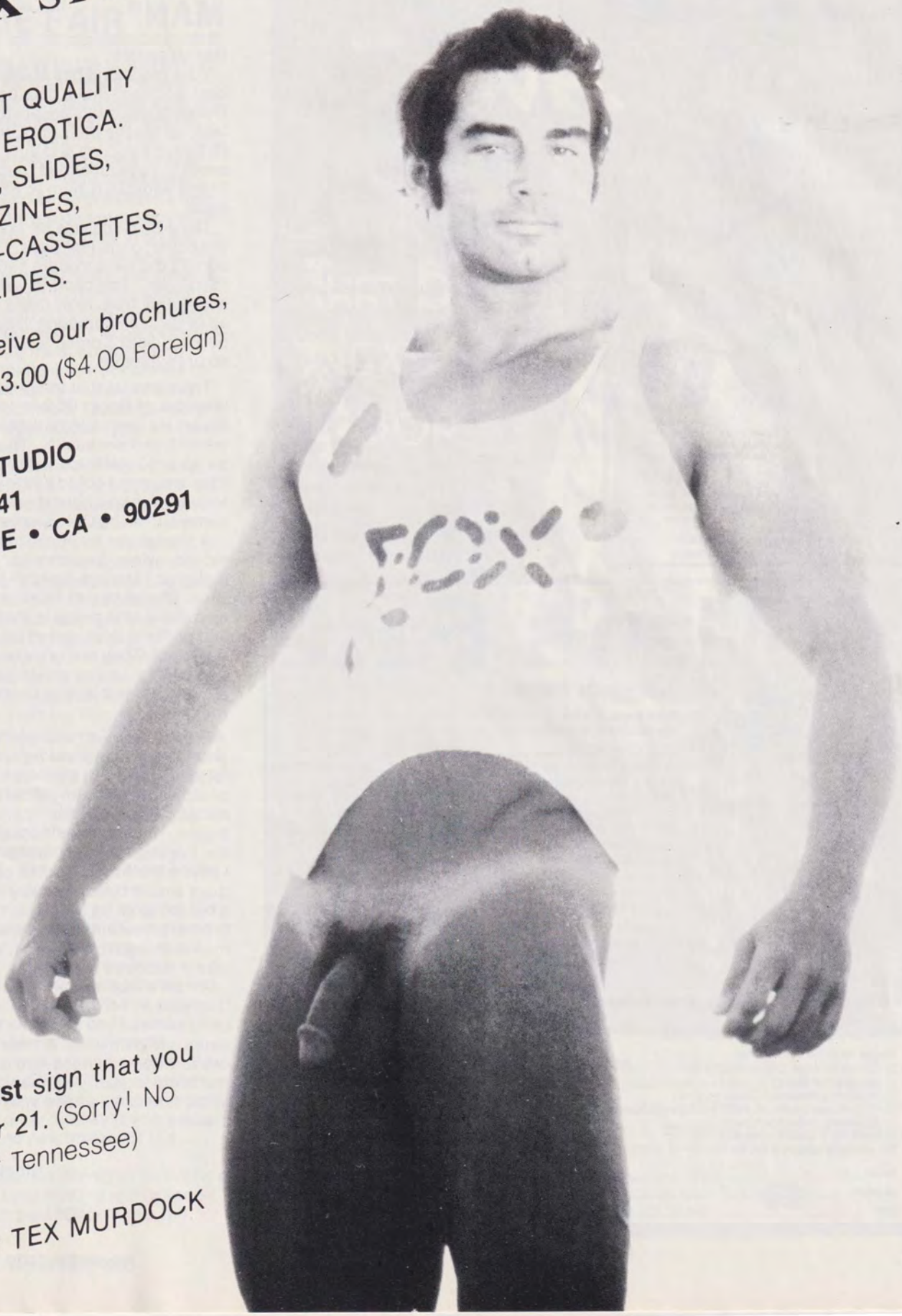

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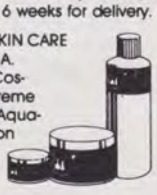

"THE TOTAL MAN"

Dear *Mandate*,

Your magazine has always been the best and each issue gets better. John Devere's editorials are always excellent, as are the pictorials, reviews and fiction. Your June and July issues seem to have an added touch of class. That's especially hard to find these days.

The July issue was fantastic from the cover to the last page. I must admit I did have trouble getting past "Stranger." The caption was absolutely true. How many times have all of us seen someone like that in a public place? Someone so close, yet so untouchable.

The pictorial that really got to me was that of Roger Cole in the July issue. He seems to radiate so much warmth and sensuality. That picture on page 50 really made my heart melt. This is a man I could settle down with forever. Are you sure those pictures came out of the Colt Studio?

A few issues back you included a record review. You should have included "Strange Spirits" by the Skatt Bros. (Casablanca). What's so impressive about this group is that they write and perform their own music and they do it well. They really know how to get down and if you're looking for some sleaze, "Walk the Night" should do the trick.

I've also noticed that you've been publishing an increasing amount of letters. One point that seems to be predominant in many letters is this hangup on penis size. "Let's see bigger, thicker, erect cocks." Don't get the impression that I'm Mr. Prude, but I have a feeling that some of these guys would be ecstatically happy with a broom stick up their ass. Come on, brothers, remember that there is a man attached to that cock, whatever size it happens to be.

I'm sure that most of us want more than just a "747 jumbo" cock. We all need someone to share life's pleasures and pain with. A man to reach out to when you need him can be much more gratifying than a broom stick, unless you need your ears cleaned.

Sincerely yours,
J.T.
Detroit

BEWARE AND BE FAIR

As a young boy in the late fifties, I had known for many years I was sexually attracted to men. It was a period of great confusion as all the spoken and written information at the time declared these feelings to be immoral and perverse. Men who loved men were described as limp wristed effeminates who preyed on young boys. Oh, I had seen a few, but they in no way resembled those whom I had sexual relations with—my friends, classmates, brother, neighbors, none of whom fit into the classification "Nellie Queen." As I grew older and my experiences included the laborers, construction workers, bricklayers, truckdrivers of that predominantly Italian working class neighborhood, I became more confused by the media hype, and was sure they lied.

Then, as I blossomed to maturity, so did Toronto. Clubs opened, baths discovered individual cubicles and bars that had long been "tolerant" went openly gay. I found out, and was sorry. Here were the elegant young "fags" and the bloated alcoholic dandies with their perfumes and silk scarves. I ran scared right into the armed forces. Certainly the encounters were much less frequent, but there was rarely any doubt as to the masculinity of the men I met.

Just after I left the forces, our then Justice Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau informed us that the sexual practices of consenting adults in private were of no concern to the Government. The floodgates opened and the closet doors slammed shut.

At last, here were the everyday males I had been used to. Mechanics, lawyers, bankers, insurance salesmen, et al. None of whom could be pointed at and called "Queer" in a crowd. Even the media began to realize that the Queens were but a minority within the vast minority as was evident in the magazines that were now openly available on the racks. Finally, I could believe the media.

Then the disco rage hit and the glitter seemed to be the focus of attention. Like many others I investigated and found to my dismay it was just a sophisticated new image for the Queens.

Now the parade seems to be led by a different drummer. One with a sadomasochistic beat. Once again the

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media has followed the trend and fills its pages with the sensationalism of the day.

I pity today's youth in the process of deciding his sexuality. If he believes what he reads in today's leading magazines, what must he think? That we are all but one group wearing nothing but denim or leather, glorifying pain and humiliation? Please let them know there is more to the life of a homosexual than this.

Beware and be fair.

Beware! We are yet a minority on this continent. Our detractors are strong. How easy it must be for them to decry the debauchery of our way of life if our magazines glorify this small minority.

Be fair. Dedicate your magazine equally to the sensational and the dull. There is far more to gay life than discos, dungeons and tricking.

Making fantasies exciting is easy work for artists, writers and photographers. Making reality exciting is the work of a master. You have no masters working for you at present.

This is the only letter I've ever written to a gay magazine. It's windier than I thought and more than likely poorly composed. It is a gut reaction though, and I only hope someone who reads it understands my concern and it registers.

A macho male needs no costume to be recognized. He exudes it naturally.

Yours truly,
J.W.
Ottawa, Canada

AVERAGE MEN

To the Editor:

Re: your centerfold in the June issue of *Mandate* magazine (June 1980). I felt it was very well done as it shows gays as we really are, etc.

While I don't doubt that perhaps models or well known personalities are perhaps best suited for centerfolds of yours or other magazines, I do feel that centerfolds of, say, average gays who are either young or perhaps middle aged are just as good—whether we are 20 years old or 35, or older.

While I realize there will always be pros or cons on this subject, I trust good judgment will be used and perhaps the average typical style person will be able to make the centerfold every now and then. You have a good magazine, keep it up.

Sincerely,
A.B.
Alberta, Canada

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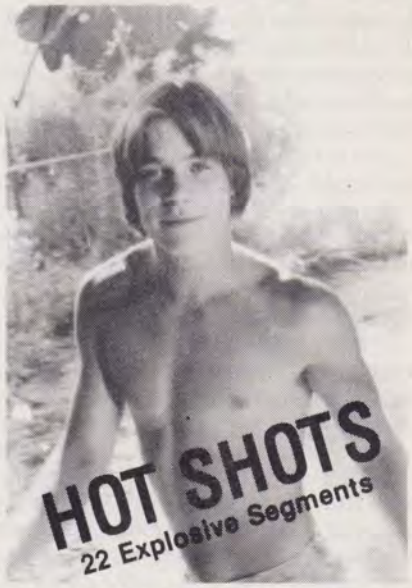

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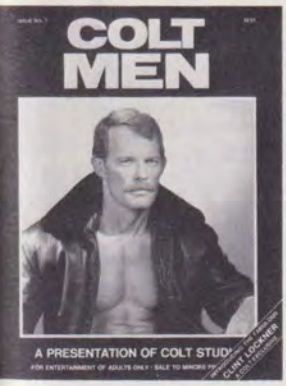

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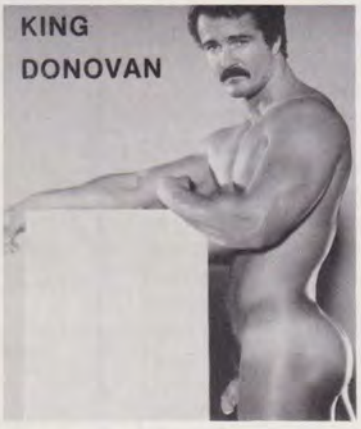

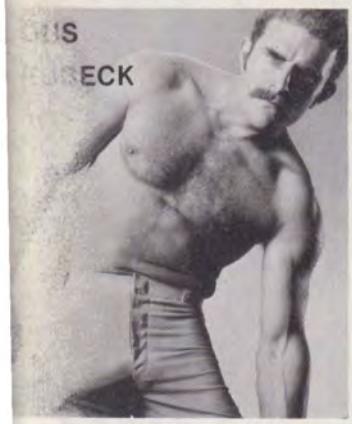

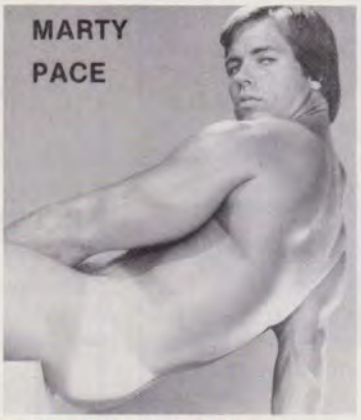

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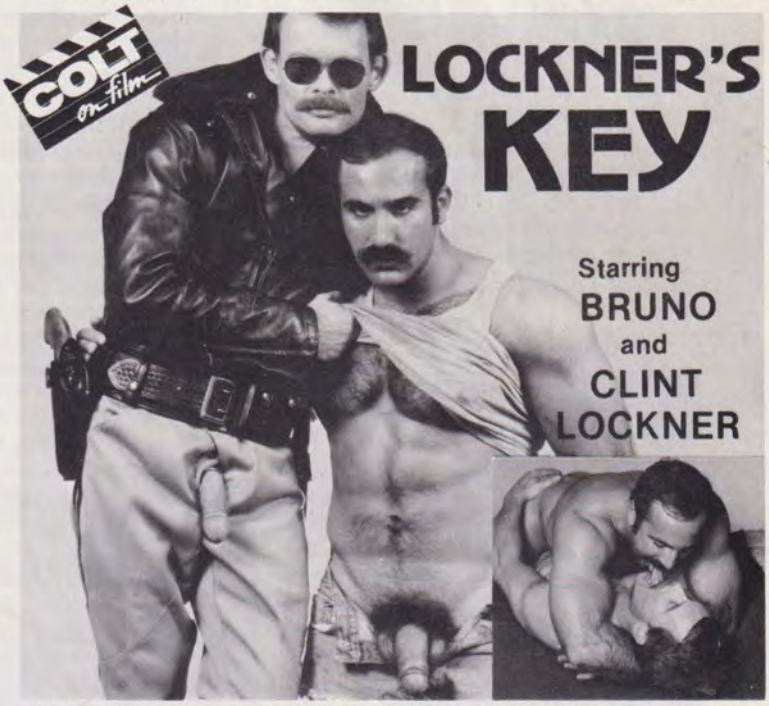

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Jake O'Reilly and Horse Ramsey, stars of the magazines *One on One* and *Over Load*, are now in a super-hot action movie. This time Jake is in construction helmet, T-shirt, cutoffs, and jockstrap, and Horse an Army man in fatigues. The film starts with a cameo meeting as the camera caresses their bodies, stuffed in the confines of the close-fitting uniforms. Onto a bed in a mirrored room they tumble, ripping off each other's clothes in a frenzy to get down to the meat of the matter. The mirrors show the action from all angles—as they suck each other's monster pricks and as Jake provides Horse with one of the heaviest, hardest, deepest fucks ever filmed, ending in two copious climaxes. *One on One* is one not to miss!

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Ed Wiley is known to theater-goers as Myles Longue. He joins Victor Houston in "Rooftop Rape." Ed openly admires Victor as he passes on the street, but Victor just gives him the finger and mutters, "Faggot." Ed, however, is no sissy, so he overpowers Victor, ties his hands, and drags him to a nearby rooftop to settle the score. Victor struggles, so Ed knocks him around a bit, then ties him in a kneeling position against a metal ladder. He takes out a cock that is indeed "miles long" and brandishes it in Victor's face–forces it into Victor's unwilling mouth. Victor starts to dig it a little and becomes more cooperative as the passion of the moment overcomes Latin macho. Sensing this, Ed unties him and, to Victor's happy surprise, goes down on Victor's enormous, thick, uncut joint. But when Ed decides to fuck him, Victor's macho returns and they struggle again. Ed manages to get his long rod up Victor's ass, and the intense pressure of it on his prostate get him into it. The film ends with a come-soaked double climax and a friendly farewell.

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JANU

Continued from page 47

Thus began my fervid courtship by Janu.

3

He came regularly, almost nightly into my room off campus. He enjoyed surprising me so that I never knew what hour he would be there. I could be engrossed in my studies when suddenly something would wrap around my neck. It would be Janu's phallus and he would laugh at my fright. And then, he would carry me to bed, which was much too small for him and he would straddle it and he would begin to enter me...again...and again until I would nearly faint from exhaustion and from the lunatic desire for more of his penis. But just when I would beg him to stay in and to not draw out, he would vanish...like the picture on a television screen after you have turned it off.

This went on for several months and I knew that it would have to end. My physical health was deteriorating, my studies were suffering and I found myself thinking of nothing but penises. They became my obsession. It came to the point that I sought sex by day, not able to wait for Janu. But, to my horror, I discovered that men I balled with during daylight, would eventually end up dead. A biology student who spent several hours in my bedroom was found on the side of a highway the next morning: victim of a hit-and-run accident, the newspaper said. A football player ended up a heap of crumpled bones and flesh at the bottom of an elevator shaft. I began to avoid any contact with males of any type. I did not want a kiss from me to send them to their young graves.

I tried moving and hiding in a large mansion on the outskirts of The City. I should have known better. The first night in my new quarters, just when I was preparing to sleep, Janu boomed into my room, his phallus lashing around him furiously...it swept over to my bed and pulled me through the air. Janu caught me in his powerful arms and then he began to rape me, with his penis flashing in and out of me like an automotive piston. Faster he penetrated me and his movements did not slow as the night wore on. Suddenly, he vanished and left me sobbing and frustrated on my narrow cot. He did not visit me for a month and all I could think of was his return so that he could take me, in a way no man would ever be able to do.

I managed to keep up with my studies and soon my fever for him abated only to return when he returned one night. I looked up from my desk and he was standing there, watching me tenderly. His organ stretched out and pulled me gently to my master and he carried me to bed. He was very quiet...and sweet, kissing me softly, something he had never done before. His huge eyes, so golden and glowing, were wet.

"What do you want from me, Janu?" I whispered. "What are you trying to do to me? I cannot keep living like this."

He touched his mouth to my throat and then raised his head and looked at me. I felt his penis creeping up my leg, spreading fire that shot up into me.

"I want to move all thoughts out of your mind so that you will think only of Janu. You want to study and learn and that will only create a barrier between us. I cannot allow that. I am going to rid you of that desire. There can be no one but Janu in your life."

And the room trembled with his powerful pelvic thrusts as he sought to rid me of my earthly desire—to learn.

4

My thirst for knowledge could not be so easily quenched by the power of lust, however, and although I quit my classes, I still haunted the library. I searched through all those volumes that year for any information I could find on Janu.

Through moldering, worm-eaten tomes to new smelling volumes, my quest grew almost as feverish as my anticipation, mixed with fear, of seeing Janu again.

And finally I found what I sought. It was an English translation of the extraordinary *Zharbhxcizt*, believed to have been written by the Mayans and later translated by the enigmatic Comte de Jacombzch, a ghoul and prophet who lived in the Black Forest of Germany in the eighteenth century. I turned the pages very carefullly for several hours and learned this:

In the age before time began on Earth, there evolved a battle between Janu, king of darkness, and Jozna, god of light, that was waged for untold years. The universe resounded and shuddered from this titanic battle fought under roiling crests of ocean waves and up above the red clouds. There was no winner in this struggle and the two had to finally part from each other in mutual defeat. Their

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magic was considerably dimmed as the Gods of Greece replaced them in the pantheon of deities. The object of the furious war between Janu and Jozna was over who would possess the *One Who Was Yet to Come*.

I read further in that ominous book for more information on the briefly mentioned Jozna. At the back of *Zharbhxcizt*, the Comte de Jacombzch listed all of the pre-world gods, including Janu. And for Jozna, he made this startling statement "...believed to have been the bastard brother of Janu. The power of Jozna was much less than that of his war-like kin but he was more dearly beloved than any of the other immortals during that elusive age."

His brother! I had to read this small smattering of facts over several times but was afraid to put it down in my notebook. Janu would find it. But then if he were still dwelling upon Earth, then perhaps his brother was, too.

* * *

I went to the seashore, a mile away from the library, that afternoon. There was no one about for the day was a gray one. I chose an isolated section of sand and spread my overcoat and lay down upon it. Then I thought of what I had uncovered there in the library.

I must have slept for perhaps an hour when I opened my eyes and saw a strange man studying me—a magnificent, beautiful man, all gold and silver with eyes so light blue they looked like spotlights trying to see my soul. He stood there naked above me and I saw his penis writhing and curling around his wrist.

"You..." he whispered and sank down beside me. "I thought it would never happen. I have been here at this place for centuries waiting for you..."

"Are you...?"

"Yes, yes," he laughed happily. "I am Jozna and was once the god of light. But now, my power, like that of my brother, has failed to a great degree. Other gods have long replaced us." Somehow I found my head against that massive chest and I was sobbing out my torment at the hands of his brother.

"Can you help me?" I cried. "I am possessed by him...yet, I would do anything to escape." But my silent thought was: Would I? Would I really have the courage to give up such a monster lover as Janu who tormented, yet fascinated me with his brutality, and then with his unexpected quirks of gentleness.

His brother pulled me close to him

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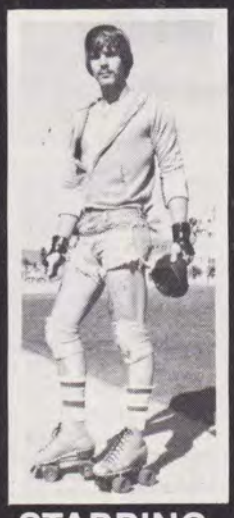

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and I felt his phallus stroking my cheeks and neck.

"There is nothing I can do...except to fight him for possession of you. We did this a long, long time ago. No one won because you had not come yet. This time it will be very quick and very quiet. This time there must be a victor."

He began kissing me and quickly removed my clothes, laying me back on top my coat. Although he was as large as his darker relative, he was much more gentle and his penis, instead of teasing and tormenting me, went quietly and directly into me and he kept it there while turning it around hungrily, exploring every part of me internally. While his hips gyrated faster, he continued to kiss my eyes, my ears and finally my mouth and his tongue sliding down my throat felt like a bolt of lightning, illuminating my inner visions of him and Janu to an incredible degree. I felt his tremendous organ swell larger and then felt it pulsating as it shot forth love for several minutes. But he did not withdraw after that tumultuous orgasm, nor after the countless other times that afternoon on the beach.

"There is more," he would whisper each time, "much more."

It was dark before he finished and then he pulled out of me quickly.

"Darkness is when Janu roam about...I must leave you," he said sadly.

"How can I see you again?"

"Here...come back tomorrow and I will be waiting...as I have through the centuries. Put this on...no one but you can take it off." He put a ring of pure silver around my second finger. "It is a sacred ring of the Sun and it means that you and I are friends. After Janu and I meet tomorrow, I hope that we will become much more than friends. Janu loves you, too, but if you become his companion, you will have to totally efface yourself."

"I will come back tomorrow...before you and Janu come together."

"You must," said Jozna as he waded back, and then disappeared, into the green, winterish ocean.

* * *

I knew that Janu knew when I returned to my house. Furniture was smashed against the walls, my books were ripped and torn apart, the windows were smashed and snakes and rats slithered and crawled around the floor. *He* stood there in the middle of the floor, a dark giant with his fists on his hips, his eyes like headlights of a

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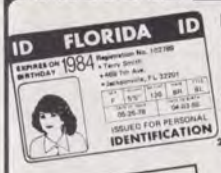

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truck and his penis lashing around him, snapping at the floor, like a bull whip.

"So," he thought quietly, "he has found you, eh? My brother has had you and now he is trying to become part of you. Come. Get on the bed. I must have you now. Do not worry, I will not harm, but I must show you who is lord and master in your life..."

"Get rid of those horrible snakes and rats, Janu...they frighten me..."

He laughed at that but those vile creatures were gone instantly and all of my destroyed property, books and furniture and other belongings were instantly restored to their former selves, intact.

Janu moved toward me and held something between his long fingers.

"Put this on," he said. "Since you wear the ring of the Sun from my brother, so you must wear the ring of Night from Janu." He slipped the circle of glimmering ebony around the second finger of my other hand. "After tomorrow night, one of these must come off."

I backed away from him and he watched me, amused.

"Janu, I do not hate you. I fear you for you want everything from me. I cannot become part of you. Let me have something of my own."

He shook his head, grinning, and his penis shot out and wrapped around my stomach and jerked me up against my dark master.

"No, you must be totally of me. Nothing apart."

Soothingly his organ had been stroking my thighs but then it shot like a serpent up my hole so quickly I screamed.

He began taking me, so deeply and completely that I went into a near trance. His great hips rose and lunged, thrust and dug away into me but as the hours passed, he did not stop once nor say anything except:

"Can your golden Jozna make you feel as I can?"

"No," I gasped, "he is more...gentle, Janu, he is..."

"You like it gentle...or like *that*?" and he pushed himself viciously into me and although I screamed he had succeeded in turning me into a human motor that was wanting to go faster.

"Oh, God, Janu, don't stop now. Keep doing it...do it harder..."

But as I shrieked those words, he was gone, planning his disappearance diabolically.

* * *

Later that morning, I found his message on my bathroom mirror. The

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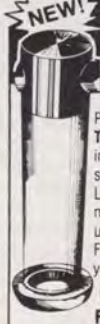

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words were scrawled in greenish-tinted sperm and they directed me to come to this hotel room—"to await the one who is victorious."

* * *

Jozna was waiting for me—glowing like a metal sculpture under the dim sun. We said nothing and he loved me all day. Tenderly, thoughtfully, he plunged my depths until I was in a stupor and I felt both he and I falling, falling into water and finally rested within a crystal bubble at the bottom of the ocean. He entered me and stayed there constantly and he whispered: "When you and I are together at last, we will live here, in my home..."

He took me back to the shore for it was growing late. Embracing me, he gave me the same directions as Janu: "There is going to be a battle within a few hours. You must wait in room 10001 at the hotel. It is a chamber that my brother and I have chosen as the place of betrothal. After tonight..."

"One of you..." I began.

"Will come for you...for better or for worse."

* * *

And so I sit here at my table, tearing some of the hard, unsalted bread apart with my fingers: I think of Janu, so dark, brutal, but in some terrible way, fascinating. And I think of Jozna, like an angel, yet powerful, like a child, yet like a wise old man. Being loved by Janu was like being in the midst of a hurricane; with Jozna, I felt bathed by butterflies, cool water, warm sunlight...a splash of gold on my soul. The candle light flickers and it seems that the colored shadows flicker upon one particular passage on the page of poetry:

"Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!..."

Something is moving about in this isolated hotel; I can hear nothing but I can sense it, the presence of another one. There! There it is, the soft closing of the elevator door and...

Footsteps...they're moving towards my room. I glide away from my chair and back up against the wall, trembling...

Someone now stands in front of my door; I can hear the heavy panting of hard breathing; the door opens...

And I can see who stands outside now, hesitating, now he moves swiftly toward me, his arms outstretched and...

"*You!*" I whisper...joyously...

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LETTERS

Continued from page 62

Sure hope he reads this and would appreciate a little short line from him. (If you'll see he gets my address.) Michael, you're a fine example of the word MAN, and would give two week's wages up easily just to have you spend the evening, knowing it's unlikely, but doesn't hurt to dream, does it? Continual success with *Mandate*—it's the best around anywhere!

R.H.
Phila., PA

'CRUISING' IN K.C.

Editor, *Mandate*,

Striking the breast, while intoning a series of solemn mea culpas, is admirable when true sorrow and humble regret are intended for wrongs done unto another. Nevertheless, when only gestures and lip service are practiced, when an interest toward profit, a question of sincerity becomes apparent.

In question: the notice of apology that a Kansas City, Missouri, theatre chain, Mid-American Cinema, displayed at its theatres that showed *Cruising*. The apology lamented, in part, "...a picture we wish we did not have to show...because of a system called 'Blind Bidding,' wherein future movies are offered for bid months before we can view them our hands are tied. We are now obligated by contractual agreement."

The poster-like apology appeared in lieu of the usual movie placard in its billboard cases. The apology prompted Robert Butler, entertainment editor of the *Kansas City Star*, to write a feature article and place it on the front page of the Sunday *Star*'s The Arts section. He described how the showing of the movie prompted gay protests and demonstrations throughout the country. Martin Stone, president of Mid-America Cinema, was quoted as saying, "The ad campaign was very misleading—it doesn't really warn people of what the picture is." On paper, Butler reported, *Cruising* sounded promising. It was a mystery starring the popular Al Pacino and the theatre chain blind bid the film last September.

...It is unlikely that the movie exhibitor was not aware of the furor that the mere production of the movie had prompted; then, to affect naivete—purporting to be duped into thinking the finished product was simply a "Mystery starring Al Pacino"—is an insult to anyone's intelligence.

Perhaps the movie chain's communal confession was an expedient maneuver whereby it hoped to exploit bad reviews, protect itself from picketers (there were no demonstrations in Kansas City), garner word-of-mouth advertising, thereby parlay the situation into escalating box office receipts from a problematic movie.

Naturally, this abundant ballyhoo in the press donated advertising inches to the film makers of *Cruising*. It sparked flames of publicity and ignited moviegoers' curiosity. With piqued interest, this writer succumbed. But, after viewing the 2 hour *sturm und drang*, I can only facetiously wonder if that Florida citrus queen will rise, phoenixlike, with her share of clubs to fagot her crusade.

M.S. Rosenblath
Kansas City, Missouri

P.S. Please note that the use of the word "fagot" in the last sentence is not meant derogatorily; fagot—(one 'g') "to bind together."

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